

From the Times, 24 Sept.

THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.

By the Special Correspondent of the Times.

FOURTH DIVISION CAMP,
Monday, September 10.

THE contest on which the eyes of Europe have been turned so long is nearly decided—the event on which the hopes of so many mighty empires depended is all but determined. Sebastopol is in flames! The fleet, the object of so much diplomatic controversy and of so many bloody struggles, has disappeared in the deep! One more great act of carnage has been added to the tremendous, but glorious tragedy, of which the whole world, from the most civilized nations down to the most barbarous hordes of the East, has been the anxious and excited audience. Amid shouts of victory and cries of despair—in frantic rejoicing and passionate sorrow—a pall of black smoke, streaked by the fiery flashings of exploding fortresses, descends upon the stage, on which has been depicted so many varied traits of human misery and of human greatness, such high endurance and calm courage, such littleness and weakness—across which have stalked characters which history may develop as largely as the struggle in which they were engaged, and swell to gigantic proportions, or which she may dwarf into pettiest dimensions, as unworthy of the part they played. A dull, strange silence, broken at distant intervals by the crash of citadels and palaces as they fly into dust, succeeds to the incessant dialogue of the cannon which have spoken so loudly and so angrily throughout an entire year, and tired armies separated from each other by a sea of fires, rest on their arms and gaze with varied emotions on all that remains of the object of their conflicts. How trite all these announcements appear! How disheartening it is to the writer to feel that all he is describing is known in England, and has been discussed and canvassed in every homestead ere he can sit down to tell the story, and that by the time his letters reach those for whom they are intended all that to him appears as novel, and recent as it is interesting and important, will be a twice told tale! To every one out here the occurrences of the last few days seem prodigious, startling, and momentous. Time will show whether we duly appreciate them. On Saturday we felt that the great success of our valiant allies was somewhat tarnished by our own failure, and it was doubtful whether the Russians would abandon

all hope of retaking the Malakhoff. On Sunday, ere noon, we were walking about the streets of Sebastopol and gazing on its ruins. The army is now in suspense as to its future. The south side of the city is in the hands of the allies. On the north side the great citadel and numerous regular forts, backed by enormous earthworks and defended by a numerous army, bid us defiance across a narrow strip of water, and Russia may boast that she has not yet lost Sebastopol. The allied fleet remains outside, paralyzed by Fort Constantine and its dependencies, and every one is going about asking, "What are we to do now?"

In my last letter, a portion of which was written ere the mail started on Saturday, I was so confused by the accumulation of events that I made a serious mistake in my dates, which I trust has been rectified at home. It is rather hard to have to sit down to save the post when one knows that in fifteen minutes from the time of his writing he will be the witness of a general assault on one of the strongest places in the world. The last and decisive cannonade was, as the world knows ever so long ago, begun on the morning of Wednesday, September fifth, by the French, against the Russian right, consisting of the Quarantine Batteries, the Bastion Centrale, and the Bastion du Mat with great vigor and effect, and at night began a devastating bombardment, in which all the allied batteries joined. A frigate was fired by a French shell and sunk at night. On the morning of the 6th, the English and French together opened the cannonade, beneath which the Russian batteries were almost broken to pieces, and which they did not dare to answer. In the evening the bombardment was renewed and kept up all night; a fire appeared behind the Redan, and the enemy seemed by their constant signalling to be in much uneasiness. It was observed that great quantities of forage were being sent across the bridge from the north to the south side, although there were no cavalry in the latter. On the 7th the cannonade was continued in salvos, as before, and it was remarked that the town began to show in a most unmistakable manner the terrible energy of the nightly bombardment. Nearly every house within range was split and in ruins. The bridge between the north and the south side was much crowded all day with men and carts passing to and fro, and large convoys were seen entering and leaving the town at the north side. Towards evening the head of the

great dockyard shears, so long a prominent object from our batteries, caught fire, and burnt fiercely in the high wind, which was raging all day. A two-decker was set on fire by the French shells, and was destroyed, and a steamer was busily employed towing a large dismasted frigate to the dockyard, out of range. In the middle of the day there was a council of Generals, and at 2 o'clock it became generally known that the allies would assault the place at noon on the 8th, after a vigorous cannonade and bombardment. The hour was well selected, as it was certain that the Russians are accustomed to indulge in a siesta about that time. In the course of the night there was an explosion behind the Redan. And now comes the memorable

DAY OF THE ASSAULT.

Saturday, Sept. 8.

The weather changed suddenly yesterday. This morning it became bitterly cold. A biting wind right from the north side of Sebastopol blew intolerable clouds of harsh dust into our faces. The sun was obscured; the sky was of a leaden wintry gray. Early in the morning a strong force of cavalry, under the command of Colonel Hodge, was moved up to the front and formed a chain of sentries in front of Cathcart's-hill and all along our lines. No person was allowed to pass this line, unless he was a staff officer or was provided with a pass. Another line of sentries in the rear of them was intended to stop stragglers and idlers from Balaklava, and the object in view was probably to prevent the Russians gathering any intimation of our attack from the unusual accumulation of people on the look-out hills. At 11 30 the Highland Brigade, under Brigadier Cameron, marched up from Kamara and took up its position in reserve at the Right Attack, and the Guards, also in reserve, were posted on the same side of the Woronzoff-road. The first brigade of the Fourth Division served the trenches of the Left Attack the night before, and remained in them. The second brigade of the Fourth Division was in reserve. The Guards who served the trenches of the Left Attack, and only marched out that morning, were turned out again after arriving at their camp. The Third Division, massed on the hill side before their camp, were also in reserve, in readiness to move down by the Left Attack in case their services were required. General Pelissier during the night collected about 30,000 men in and about the Mamelon, to form the storming columns for the Malakhoff and little Redan, and to provide the necessary reserves. The French were reinforced by 5,000 Sardinians, who marched up from the Tchernaya last night.

It was arranged that the French were to attack the Malakhoff at noon, and, as soon as their attack began, that we were to assault the

Redan. At the same time a strong column of French was, I understand, to make a diversion on the left and menace the line of the Bastion du Mat, but I do not believe it was intended to operate seriously against this part of the town, the possession of which, in a military point of view, would be of minor importance. The cavalry sentries were posted at 8 30. At 10 30 the Second Division and the Light Division moved down to the trenches, and were placed in the advanced parallels as quietly and unostentatiously as possible. About the same hour General Simpson and staff moved down to the second parallel of the Green-hill Battery. Sir Harry Jones, too ill to move hand or foot, nevertheless insisted on being carried down to witness the assault, and was borne to the parallel on a litter, in which he remained till all was over.

It was, as I have said, a bitter cold day, and a stranger would have been astonished at the aspect of the British Generals as they viewed the assault. The Commander-in-Chief, General Simpson, sat in the trench, with his nose and eyes just facing the cold and dust, and his cloak drawn up over his head to protect him against both. General Jones wore a red night-cap, and reclined on his litter, and Sir Richard Airey, the Quartermaster-General, had a white pocket-handkerchief tied over his cap and ears, which detracted somewhat from a martial and belligerent aspect. The Duke of Newcastle was stationed at Cathcart's-hill in the early part of the day, and afterwards moved off to the right to the Picket-house look-out over the Woronzoff-road. All the amateurs and travelling gentlemen, who rather abound here just now, were in a state of great excitement, and dotted the plain in eccentric attire, which recalled one's old memories of Cowes, and yachting and sea-bathing—were engaged in a series of subtle manoeuvres to turn the flank of unwary sentries, and to get to the front, and their success was most creditable to their enterprise and ingenuity.

The Tartars, Turks, and Eupatorians were singularly perturbed for such placid people, and thronged every knoll which commanded the smallest view of the place. At 10 45 General Pelissier and his staff went up to the French Observatory on the right. The French trenches were crowded with men as close as they could pack, and we could see our men through the breaks in the clouds of dust, which were most irritating, all ready in their trenches. The cannonade languished purposely towards noon; but the Russians, catching sight of the cavalry and troops in front, began to shell Cathcart's hill and the heights, and disturbed the equanimity of some of the spectators by their shells bursting with loud "thuds" right over their heads. A few minutes before 12 o'clock the French, like a swarm of bees, issued forth from their trenches

close to the doomed Malakhoff, swarmed up its face, and were through the embrasures in the twinkling of an eye. They crossed the seven metres of ground which separated them from the enemy at a few bounds—they drifted as lightly and quickly as autumn leaves before the wind, battalion after battalion, into the embrasures, and in a minute or two after the head of their column issued from the ditch the tricolor was floating over the Korniloff Bastion. The musketry was very feeble at first—indeed, our allies took the Russians quite by surprise, and very few of the latter were in the Malakhoff; but they soon recovered themselves, and from 12 o'clock till past 7 in the evening the French had to meet and defeat the repeated attempts of the enemy to regain the work and the Little Redan, when, weary of the fearful slaughter of his men, who lay in thousands over the exterior of the works, the Muscovite General, despairing of success, withdrew his exhausted legions, and prepared, with admirable skill, to evacuate the place. Of the French attack on the left I know nothing, but that, if intended in earnest, it was not successful, and was followed by some loss to our allies. As soon as the tricolor was observed waving over the parapet of the Malakhoff through the smoke and dust, four rockets were sent up from Chapman's attack one after another as a signal for our assault on the Redan. They were almost borne back by the violence of the wind, and the silvery jets of sparks they threw out on exploding were nearly invisible against the raw gray sky. I take it for granted that there is no one in England who is not by this time quite well acquainted with the exterior of the Redan, and who does not know its shape and situation. In my next letter I will endeavour to give an idea of what it is like inside; at present I have no time to describe it, nor the appearance of Sebastopol, now that one can walk through its flaming streets.

In order to give an idea of the plan of the attack I send you a copy of the "Divisional After Order," in accordance with which it was arranged, and for the sake of comparison there is appended to it a copy of the essence of the orders issued for the attack of the 18th of June. It will be seen that the differences between the two plans relate to details, and not to principle. When the order was received on the 7th, the general remark was, "This looks like another 18th of June." In fact, the attacking columns were not strong enough, the supports were not strong enough, and were also too far behind, and the trenches did not afford room for a sufficient number of men. Now it will be observed that, where we attacked the Redan with two divisions only, a portion of each being virtually in reserve, and not engaged in the affair at all, the French made their assault on the Malakhoff with four

divisions of the second *corps d'armee*, the first and fourth divisions forming the storming columns, and the third and fifth being the support with reserves of 10,000 men. The French had, probably, not less than 30,000 men in the right attack on the 7th of September. The divisional orders for the 2d division were very much the same as those for the light division. The covering party consisted of 100 men of the 3d Buffs, under Captain John Lewes, who highly distinguished himself, and 100 men of the Second Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, I believe under the command of poor Captain Hammond. The scaling-ladder party consisted of 160 of the 3d Buffs, under Captain Maude, whose gallantry was very conspicuous throughout the affair, in addition to the 160 of the 97th, under the gallant and lamented Welsford. The part of the force of the Second Division consisted of 260 of the 3d Buffs, 300 of the 41st (Welsh), 200 of the 62d, and a working party of 100 men of the 41st. The rest of Windham's Brigade, consisting of the 47th and 49th, were in reserve together with Warren's Brigade of the same division, of which the 30th and 55th were called into action, and suffered severely.—Brigadier Shirley was on board ship, but as soon as he heard of the assault he resolved to join his brigade, and he accordingly came up to camp that very morning. Colonel Unett, of the 19th Regiment, was the senior officer in Brigadier Shirley's absence, and on him would have devolved the duty of leading the storming column of the Light Division, had the latter not returned. Colonel Unett, ignorant of the Brigadier's intention to leave shipboard, had to decide with Colonel Windham who should take precedence in the attack. They tossed, and Colonel Unett won. He had it in his power to say whether he would go first or follow Colonel Windham. He looked at the shilling, turned it over, and said, "My choice is made; I'll be the first man into the Redan." But fate willed it otherwise, and he was struck down badly wounded ere yet he reached the abattis, although he was not leading the column. Scarcely had the men left the fifth parallel when the guns on the flank of the Redan opened on them as they moved up rapidly to the salient, in which there were of course no cannon, as the nature of such a work does not permit of their being placed in that particular position. In a few seconds Brigadier Shirley was temporarily blinded by the dust and by earth knocked into his eyes by a shot. He was obliged to retire, and his place was taken by Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury, of the 23d Regiment, who was next in rank to Colonel Unett, already struck down and carried to the rear. Brigadier Van Straubenzee received a contusion on the face, and was also forced to leave the field. Colonel Hand-

cock fell mortally wounded in the head by a bullet, and never spoke again. Captain Hammond fell dead. Major Welsford was killed on the spot. Captain Grove was severely wounded. Many officers and men were hit and fell; and of the commanders of parties only acting Brigadier-General Windham, Captain Fyers, Captain Lewes, and Captain Maude got untouched into the Redan, and escaped scatheless from the volleys of grape and rifle balls which swept the flanks of the work towards the salient.

It was a few minutes after 12 when our men left the fifth parallel. The musketry commenced at once, and in less than five minutes, during which the troops had to pass over about 30 yards from the nearest approach to the parapet of the Redan, they had lost a large proportion of their officers, and were deprived of the aid of their leaders, with the exceptions I have stated. The Riflemen advanced admirably, but from their position they could not do much to reduce the fire of the guns on the flanks and below the re-entering angles. The bravery and coolness of that experienced, deserving, and much-neglected officer, Captain Fyers, were never more brilliantly displayed, or urgently called for. And here let me ask how it is that an officer like Captain Fyers, with 21 years' full service, who went through the campaigns of Candahar and Affghanistan in 1841 and 1842, and was present in five actions—who was at Khelat, and was with his regiment throughout Nott's campaign—who was conspicuous for his gallantry at the Alma, and whose conduct in the trenches has been beyond all praise, is exposed to the pain and mortification of seeing young men who were scarcely born when he was a soldier raised above his head because they have had the good fortune to look at a battle from a distance, or to ride in the rear of some cautious general? I know nothing of Captain Fyers's past services except by *Hart's Army List*, by which I learn, also, that he has purchased all his steps. Of his conduct at the Alma and of his present services I hear the praise from every lip. It is to be hoped, at all events that the question will not do him any harm, and if it does not, it is as well that the country should know how well he has served her. However, it is time to return to our storming party. As they came nearer the enemy's fire became less fatal. They crossed the abattis without difficulty; it was torn to pieces and destroyed by our shot, and the men stepped over and through it with ease. The light division made straight for the salient and projecting angle of the Redan, and came to the ditch, which is here about 15 feet deep. The party detailed for the purpose placed the ladders, but they were found to be too short. However, had there been enough of them, that would not have mattered

much, but some had been left behind in the hands of dead or wounded men, and others had been broken, so that if one can credit the statements made by those who were present there were not more than six or seven ladders at the salient. The men led by their officers leaped into the ditch and scrambled up the other side, whence they got up the parapet almost without opposition, for the few Russians who were in front ran back and got behind their traverses and breastworks as soon as they saw our men on the top, and opened fire upon them. To show what different impressions the same object can make on different people, let me remark that one officer of rank told me the Russians in the Redan did not exceed 150 men when he got into it, and that the men could have carried the breastwork with the greatest ease if they had only made a rush for it, and he expressed an opinion that they had no field-pieces inside the breastwork. A regimental officer, on the other hand, positively assured me that when he got on the top of the parapet of the salient he saw at about 100 yards in advance of him a breastwork with gaps in it, through which were run the muzzles of field-pieces, and that in the rear of it were compact masses of Russian infantry, the front rank kneeling with fixed bayonets as if prepared to receive a charge of cavalry, while the two rear ranks over them kept up a sharp and destructive fire on our men. The only way to reconcile these discrepancies is to suppose that the first spoke of the earliest stage of the assault, and that the latter referred to a later period when the Russians may have opened embrasures in the breastwork and had been reinforced by the fugitives from the Malakhoff, and by the troops behind the barracks in its rear. Lamentable as it no doubt is, and incredible almost to those who know how the British soldier generally behaves before the enemy, the men, when they got on the parapet, were seized by some strange infatuation, and began firing, instead of following their officers, who now began to fall fast as they rushed on in front and tried to stimulate their soldiers by their example. Notwithstanding the popular prejudice to the contrary, most men stand fire much better than closing with an enemy. It is difficult enough sometimes to get cavalry to charge if they can find any decent excuse to lay by their swords and take to pistol and carbine, with which they are content to pop away for ever, but when cover of any kind is near at hand a trench-bred infantry man finds the charms of the cartridge quite irresistible. The small party of the 90th, much diminished, went on gallantly towards the breastwork, but they were too weak to force it, and they had to retire and get behind the traverses, where men of different regiments had already

congregated, and were keeping up a brisk fire on the Russians, whose heads were just visible above the breastwork. Simultaneously with the head of the storming party of the Light Division, Colonel Windham had got inside the Redan on their right, below the salient on the proper left face of the Redan, but in spite of all his exertions, could do little more than the gallant officers of the 90th and 97th, and of the supporting regiments.

As the Light Division rushed out in the front they were swept by the guns of the Barrack Battery and by several pieces on the proper right of the Redan, loaded heavily with grape, which caused them considerable loss ere they reached the salient or apex of the work at which they were to assault. The storming columns of the Second Division issuing out of the fifth parallel rushed up immediately after the Light Division, but when they came up close to the apex Brigadier Windham very judiciously brought them by a slight detour on the right flank of the Light Division, so as to come a little down on the slope of the proper left face of the Redan. The first embrasure to which they came was in flames, but, moving on to the next, the men leaped into the ditch, and, with the aid of ladders and of each other's hands, scrambled up on the other side, climbed the parapet, or poured in through the embrasure which was undefended. Colonel Windham was the first or one of the very first men in on this side, and with him entered Daniel Mahoney, a great grenadier of the 41st, Killeany and Cornellis of the same regiment. As Mahoney entered with a cheer, he was shot through the head by a Russian rifleman, and fell dead across Colonel Windham, and at the same moment Killeany and Cornellis were both wounded. The latter claims the reward of £5 offered by Colonel Herbert to the first man of his division who entered the Redan.

Running parallel to the faces of the Redan there is, as I have described, an inner parapet intended to shield the gunners at the embrasures from the effects of any shell which might fall into the body of the work, and strike them down if this high bank were not there to protect them from the splinters. Several cuts in the rear of the embrasures permitted the men to retire in case of need inside, and very strong and high traverses ran all along the sides of the work itself to afford them additional shelter. At the base of the Redan, before the reëntering angles, is a breastwork, or, rather, a parapet with an irregular curve, up to a man's neck, which runs in front of the body of the place. As our men entered through the embrasures, the few Russians who were between the salient and this breastwork retreated behind the latter and got from the traverses to its protection. From it they poured in a quick fire on the

parapet of the salient, which was crowded by the men of the Light Division, and on the gaps through the inner parapet of the Redan, and our men, with an infatuation which all officers deplore, but cannot always remedy on such occasions, began to return the fire of the enemy without advancing or crossing behind the traverses, loaded and fired as quickly as they could, but did but little execution as the Russians were well covered by the breastwork. There were also groups of Russian riflemen behind the lower traverses near the base of the Redan who kept up a galling fire on our men. As the alarm of an assault was spread the enemy came rushing up from the barracks in rear of the Redan, and increased the force and intensity of their fire, while our soldiers dropped fast and encouraged the Russians by their immobility and the weakness of their fusillade, from which the enemy were well protected. In vain the officers, by voice and act, by example and daring, tried to urge our soldiers on. They had an impression that the Redan was all mined, and that if they advanced they would all be blown up, but many of them acted as became the men of Alma and Inkermann, and, rushing to the front, were swept down by the enemy's fire. The officers fell on all sides, singled out for the enemy's fire by their courage. The men of the different regiments became mingled together in inextricable confusion. The 19th men did not care for the orders of the officers of the 88th, nor did the soldiers of the 23rd heed the commands of an officer who did not belong to his regiment. The officers could not find their men—the men had lost sight of their own officers. All the Brigadiers, save Colonel Windham, were wounded or rendered unfit for the guidance of the attack. That gallant officer did all that man could do to form his men for the attack, and to lead them against the enemy. Proceeding from traverse to traverse, he coaxed the men to come out, and succeeded several times in forming a few of them, but they melted away as fast as he laid hold of them, and either fell in their little ranks or retired to cover to keep up their fusillade. Many of them crowded to lower parts of the inner parapet and kept up a smart fire on the enemy, but nothing would induce them to come out into the open space and charge the breastwork. This was all going on at the proper left face of the Redan, while nearly the same scene was being repeated at the salient. Every moment our men were diminishing in numbers, while the Russians came up in swarms from the town, and rushed down from the Malakhoff, which had now been occupied by the French. Thrice did Colonel Windham send officers to Sir E. Codrington, who was in the fifth parallel, begging of him to send up supports in some order of formation; but all these

three officers were wounded as they passed from the ditch of the Redan to the rear, and the Colonel's own aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Swire; of the 17th, a gallant young officer, was hit dangerously in the hip, as he went on his perilous errand. Supports were, indeed, sent up, but they came up in disorder from the fire to which they were exposed on their way, and arrived in dribbles only to increase the confusion and the carnage. Finding that he could not collect any men on the left face, Colonel Windham passed through one of the cuts of the inner parapet and walked over to the right face at the distance of thirty yards from the Russian breastwork, to which he moved in a parallel line, exposed to a close fire, but, wonderful to say, without being touched. When he got behind the inner parapet at the right face he found the same state of things as that which existed at the left. The men were behind the traverses, firing away at the Russians or blazing at them from the broken parts of the front, and the soldiers who came down from the salient in front only got behind these works for cover while they loaded and fired at the enemy. The Colonel got some riflemen and a few men of the 88th together, but no sooner had he brought them out than they were killed, wounded, or dispersed by a concentrated fire. The officers, with the noblest devotion, aided Colonel Windham, and became the special marks of the enemy's riflemen. The narrow neck of the salient was too close to allow of any kind of formation, and the more the men crowded into it the more they got out of order, and the more they suffered from the enemy's fire. This miserable work lasted for an hour. The Russians were now in dense masses behind the breastwork, and Colonel Windham walked back again across the open space to the left to make one more attempt to retrieve the day. The men on the parapet of the salient, who were firing at the Russians, sent their shot about him, and the latter, who were pouring volley after volley on all points of the head of the work, likewise directed their muskets against him, but he passed through this cross fire in safety, and got within the inner parapet on the left, where the men were becoming thinner and thinner. A Russian officer now stepped over the breastwork, and tore down a gabion with his own hands; it was to make room for a field piece. Colonel Windham exclaimed to several soldiers who were firing over the parapet, "Well, as you are fond of firing, why don't you shoot that Russian?" They fired a volley and missed him, and soon afterwards the field piece began to play on the head of the salient with grape. Colonel Windham saw there was no time to be lost. He had sent three officers for reinforcements and, above all, for men in formation, and he now

resolved to go to General Codrington himself. Seeing Captain Crealock, of the 90th, near him busy in encouraging his men, and exerting himself with great courage and energy to get them into order, he said,—"I must go to the General for supports. Now mind, let it be known, in case I am killed, why I went away." He crossed the parapet and ditch and succeeded in gaining the fifth parallel through a storm of grape and rifle bullets in safety. Sir Edward Codrington asked him if he thought he really could do anything with such supports as he could afford, and said he might take the Royals, who were then in the parallel. "Let the officers come out in front—let us advance in order, and if the men keep their formation the Redan is ours," was the Colonel's reply; but he spoke too late—for at that very moment our men were seen leaping down into the ditch, or running down the parapet of the salient, and through the embrasures out of the work into the ditch, while the Russians followed them with the bayonet and with heavy musketry, and even threw stones and grapeshot at them as they lay in the ditch. The fact was that the Russians having accumulated several thousands of men behind the breastwork, and seeing our men all scattered up and confused behind the inner parapet of the traverse, crossed the breastwork, through which several field pieces were now playing with grape on the inner face of the Redan, and charged our broken groups with the bayonet, at the same time that the rear ranks, getting on the breastwork, poured a heavy hail of bullets on them over the heads of the advancing column.

The struggle that took place was short, desperate, and bloody. Our soldiers, taken at every disadvantage, met the enemy with the bayonet too, and isolated combats took place in which the brave fellows who stood their ground had to defend themselves against three or four adversaries at once. In this *mêlée* the officers, armed only with their swords, had little chance; nor had those who carried pistols much opportunity of using them in such a rapid contest. They fell like heroes, and many a gallant soldier with them. The bodies of English and Russians inside the Redan, locked in an embrace which death could not relax, but had rather cemented all the closer, lay next day inside the Redan as evidences of the terrible animosity of the struggle. But the solid weight of the advancing mass, urged on, and fed each moment from the rear by company after company and battalion after battalion, prevailed at last against the isolated and disjointed band, who had abandoned the protection of unanimity of courage and had lost the advantages of discipline and obedience. As though some giant rock had advanced into the sea and forced back the waters

that buffeted it, so did the Russian columns press down against the spray of soldiery which fretted their edge with fire and steel and contended in vain against their weight. The struggling band was forced back by the enemy, who moved on, crushing friend and foe beneath their solid tramp, and, bleeding, panting, and exhausted, our men lay in heaps in the ditch beneath the parapet, sheltered themselves behind stones and in bomb-craters in the slope of the work, or tried to pass back to our advanced parallel and sap, and had to run the gauntlet of a tremendous fire. Many of them lost their lives, or were seriously wounded in this attempt. The scene in the ditch was appalling, although some of the officers have assured me that they and the men were laughing at the precipitation with which many brave and gallant fellows did not hesitate from plunging headlong upon the mass of bayonets, muskets, and sprawling soldiers—the ladders were all knocked down or broken, so that it was difficult for the men to get up at the other side, and the dead, the dying, the wounded, and the sound were all lying in heaps together. The Russians came out of the embrasures, plied them with stones, grape shot, and the bayonet, but were soon forced to retire by the fire of our batteries and riflemen, and under cover of this fire many of our men escaped to the approaches. In some instances the enemy persisted in remaining outside in order to plunder the bodies of those who were lying on the slope of the parapet, and paid the penalty of their rashness in being stretched beside their foes; but others came forth on a holier errand and actually brought water to our wounded. If this last act be true, it is but right to discredit the story that the Russians placed our wounded over the magazine in the rear of the Redan, near the Barrack Battery, ere they fired it—the only foundation for which, as far as I can discover, is that many of the bodies of our men found in the Redan were dreadfully scorched and burnt; but there were many Russians lying there in a similar state. General Pelissier observed the failure of our attack from the rear of the Malakhoff, and sent over to General Simpson to ask if he intended to attack again. The English Commander-in-Chief is reported to have replied that he did not then feel in a condition to do so. All this time the Guards and Highlanders, the Third and Fourth Divisions, and most of the reserves were untouched. They could, indeed, have furnished materials for another assault, but the subsequent movements of the Russians render it doubtful whether the glory of carrying the Redan, and of redeeming the credit of our arms, would not have been dearly purchased by the effusion of more valuable blood. As soon as we abandoned the assault the firing

almost ceased along our front, but in the rear of the Malakhoff there was a fierce contest going on between masses of Russians, now released from the Redan, or drawn from the town, and the French, inside the work; and the fight for the Little Redan, on the proper left of the Malakhoff, was raging furiously. Clouds of smoke and dust covered the scene, but the rattle of musketry was incessant, and betokened the severe nature of the struggle below. Through the breaks in the smoke there could be seen now and then a tricolor, surmounted by an eagle, fluttering bravely over the inner parapet of the Malakhoff. The storm of battle rolled fiercely round it, and beat against it; but it was sustained by strong arms and stout hearts, and all the assaults of the enemy were directed in vain against it. We could see, too, our noble allies swarming over into the Malakhoff from their splendid approaches to it from the Mamelon, or rushing with swift steps towards the right, where the Russians, continually reinforced, sought in vain to beat back their foes and to regain the key of their position. The struggle was full of interest to us all, but its issue was never doubted. It would be untrue to say that the result of our assault was not the source of deep grief and mortification to us, which all the glorious successes of our allies could not wholly alleviate. Even those who thought any attack on the Redan useless and unwise, inasmuch as the possession of the Malakhoff would, in their opinion, render the Redan untenable, could not but regret bitterly that, as we had given the assault, we had not achieved a decisive triumph, and that so much blood had been, if not ingloriously, at least fruitlessly, poured forth.

The French, indeed, have been generous enough to say that our troops behaved with great bravery, and that they wondered how we kept the Redan so long under such a tremendous fire; but British soldiers are rather accustomed to the *nil admirari* under such circumstances, and praise like that gives pain as well as pleasure. Many soldiers, of the opinion to which I have alluded, think that we should at once have renewed the attempt once made, and it is but small consolation to them to know that General Simpson intended to attack the Redan the following morning, inasmuch as the Russians anticipated our probable success, and by retreat deprived us of the chance of retrieving our reputation, and at the same time acknowledged, by their desperate withdrawal, the completeness of the success achieved by our allies.

Our attack lasted about an hour and three quarters, as well as I could make out, and in that time we lost more men than at Inkermann, where the fighting lasted for seven hours. At 1 48 p.m., which was about the time we re

tired, there was an explosion either of a tumbril or of a fougasse between the Mamelon and the Malakhoff, to the right, which seemed to blow up several Frenchmen, and soon afterwards the artillery of the Imperial Guard swept across from the rear towards the Little Redan, and gave us an indication that our allies had gained a position from which they could operate against the enemy with their field pieces. From the opening of the attack the French batteries over Careening Bay had not ceased to thunder against the Russian fleet, which lay silently at anchor below, and there was a lively cannonade between them and the Inkermann batteries till the evening, which was interrupted now and then by the intervention of the Redoubt Victoria, the English Redoubt, and the late Selinghinsk and Volhynia redoubts, which engaged the Russian batteries over the last end of the harbor. At one o'clock wounded men began to crawl up from the batteries to the camp; they could tell us little or nothing. "Were we in the Redan?" "Oh, yes; but a lot of them was killed, and the Russians were mighty strong." Some were cheery, others desponding; all seemed proud of their wounds. Half-an-hour more, and the number of wounded increased; they came up by twos and threes, and—what I had observed before as a bad sign—the number of stragglers accompanying them, under the pretence of rendering assistance, became greater also. Then the ambulances and the cacaolets (or mule litters) came in sight along the Woronzoff-road filled with wounded. Every ten minutes added to their numbers, and we could see that every effort was made to hurry them down to the front as soon as they were ready for a fresh load. The litter-bearers now added to the length of the melancholy train. We heard that the temporary hospitals in front were full, and that the surgeons were beginning to get anxious about accommodation for the wounded. It may here be observed that on the occasion of the 18th of June some of these temporary hospitals, which are intended to afford immediate aid in cases requiring operations on the spot, were under fire, and a shell burst in the very tent in which Dr. Paynter and his assistants were operating, the ground around it being continually torn up by round shot. On this occasion more care was taken in determining the sites of the tents. Another bad sign was that the enemy never ceased throwing up shell to the front, many of which burst high in the air over our heads, while the pieces flew with a most unpleasant whir around us. These shells were intended for our reserves; and although the fuses did not burn long enough for such a range, and they all burst at a considerable elevation, they caused some little injury and annoyance to the troops in the rear, and hit some of our

men. The rapidly-increasing numbers of wounded men, some of whom had left their arms behind them, gave rise to suspicions of the truth; but their answers to many eager questioners were not very decisive or intelligible, and some of them did not even know what they had been attacking. One poor young fellow who was marching stiffly up with a broken arm and a ball through his shoulder, carried off his firelock with him, but he made the naive confession that he had "never fired it off, for he could not." The piece turned out to be in excellent order. It struck one that such men as these, however brave, were scarcely a fit match for the well-drilled soldiers of Russia; and yet we were trusting the honor, reputation, and glory of Great Britain to undisciplined lads from the plough, or the lanes of our towns and villages! As one example of the sort of recruits we have received here recently I may mention that there was a considerable number of men in draughts which came out last week to regiments in the Fourth Division who had only been enlisted a few days, and who had never fired a rifle in their lives! It must not be imagined that such rawness can be corrected and turned into military efficiency out here, for the fact is that this siege has been about the worst possible school for developing the courage and manly self-reliance of a soldier; neither does it teach him the value of discipline and of united action. When he goes into the trenches he learns to dodge behind gabions and to take pot shots from behind stones and parapets, and at the same time he has no opportunity of testing the value of his comrades, or of proving himself against the enemy on the open field. The natural result follows. Nor was it ominous of good that there have been two courts of inquiry recently on the conduct of two most distinguished regiments—one, indeed, belonging to the highest rank of our infantry, and the other a well-tried and gallant regiment, which was engaged in this very attack, in consequence of the misconduct of their young soldiers during night affairs in the trenches. The old soldiers behaved admirably, and stood by their officers to the last; nor was there any lack of courage among the young lads just joined, but they were wanting in discipline and in confidence in their officers. No one can doubt that the assault by the third and fourth Divisions would have been quite successful had it been necessary. General Simpson remained in the Green-hill Battery till six o'clock, at which hour General Pelissier sent to inform him that the Malakhoff was quite safe, and to ask him what the English intended to do with respect to the Redan. General Simpson had by this time arrived at the determination of attacking it the following morning at five o'clock with the Third and Fourth Di-

visions. The difficulty of getting accurate information of the progress of an action cannot be better exemplified than by this fact, that at three o'clock a General of Division did not know whether we had taken the Redan or not. Towards dusk the Guards who had been placed in reserve behind our Right Attack were marched off to their camp, and a portion of the Highlanders were likewise taken off the ground. The Guards only arrived from the trenches this morning, but to their great credit be it said, they turned again without a murmur after a rest of a couple of hours for breakfast, although they had been "on" for forty-eight hours previously. The third Division and a portion of the Highlanders were sent down to do the French duties in the evening and night.

From the following statement of the loss in the Light Division it will be seen that this gallant body which behaved so well at the Alma, and maintained its reputation at Inkermann, suffered as severely as it did in gaining the former great victory, and an examination of the return, which is tolerably correct, and is certainly rather under the mark, will, I fear, show that the winter, the trenches, and careless recruiting have done their work, and that the officers furnished a noble example of devotion and gallantry, which their men did not imitate. In the Light Division there are 73 officers and 964 men wounded—total, 1,037.

The loss of this division was 1,001 in killed and wounded at the Alma.

The number of officers killed amounts to 13; of men killed to 94—total, 107. The regiments of the division which furnished storming columns were the 90th (or Perthshire volunteers) and the 97th (or Earl of Ulster's.) In the 90th Captain Preston and Lieutenant Swift and Lieutenant Willmer were killed. Lieutenant Swift got the farthest of all those who entered the Redan, and his dead body was discovered far in advance. Captain Grove, Captain Tinsling, Captain Wade, and Lieutenant Vaughan, were all severely; Captain Perrin slightly; Lieutenant Rattray, Lieutenant Rouss, Lieutenant Raitt, and Lieutenants Graham and Haydock, slightly wounded; 125 men were wounded; killed not known. In the 97th Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. H. R. Handcock, Major Welsford, and Lieutenant Douglas McGregor, were killed, 114 men were wounded, and 37 were killed. The colonel was shot through the head, and was carried to his tent, but the ball lodged in the brain, he never was sensible, and expired that night. His widow was watching the progress of the struggle from the Picket-house, and all her worst fears were soon realized, for her husband's body was brought by the very place where she stood. Lieutenant McGregor, the son of the Inspector-General of Irish Constab-

ulary, was adjutant of the regiment, and was as remarkable for his unostentatious piety and Christian virtues as for his bravery and conduct in the field. Captain Lumley is dangerously, Captain Sibthorp, Captain Woods, Lieutenant Goodenough, Ensigns Hill and Fitzgerald and Browne are slightly wounded. The rest of the division was engaged in supporting the storming columns. In the 7th Royal Fusiliers Lieutenant Wright and Lieutenant Colt were killed; Major Turner, Captain Heyland, Captain Hibbert, Lieutenant Hickie, and Lieutenant Jones (Alma), were wounded. 67 men were wounded, and 11 killed. In the 23d (Royal Welsh Fusiliers) Lieutenant Somerville and Lieutenant Gubby are dead; the first was killed, the latter died of his wounds the following morning. Lieutenant-Colonel Lysons is slightly wounded, and the following officers are more or less injured by shot, shell, or bayonet;—Captain Vane, Lieutenant Poole, Lieutenant Millett, Lieutenant Tupper, Ensign O'Connor, and Ensigns Redcliffe, Perrott, and Beek; 130 men wounded; killed not known. In the 33d Lieutenant Donovan, a most promising and dashing officer, lost his life while looking over the parapet at the fight. He accompanied the regiment as an amateur, in company with his brother, all through Bulgaria, and went into action with them at the Alma as a volunteer, where he so much distinguished himself that the Colonel recommended him for a commission, which he received without purchase. Lieutenant-Colonel Gough, who was shot through the body at the Alma, was severely wounded; Captain Ellis and Lieutenants Willis and Trant were slightly, and the Adjutant, Tonsell, severely wounded; 45 men wounded, killed not known. In the 34th, which was in the parallel behind the columns, Lieutenants Harris and Laurie are severely wounded, and 62 men are wounded. In the 19th nearly every officer was touched more or less, but none were killed; 148 men were wounded, and 27 were killed. The officers wounded are—Colonel Unett severely; Major Warden, slightly; Captain Chippendall, ditto; Lieutenants Godfrey, Martin, Doran, and Massey, dangerously; Molesworth, severely; Bailey, slightly; Ensign Martin, slightly; and Ensign Young, dangerously. In the 77th 42 men were wounded; killed not known; Captain Parker killed. Wounded, Captain Butts, slightly; Lieutenants Knowles, Legatt, and Watson, ditto. In the 88th Regiment, 105 men were wounded; killed about 25. Captain Grogan was killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, C. B., was wounded twice in the thigh and once in the arm severely, but not dangerously. Captains Manleverer and Beresford; Lieutenants Lambert, Hopton, Scott, and Waterer; and Ensign Walker, are wound-

ed severely. In the Rifle Brigade Captain Hammond, who was only three days out from England, and Lieutenant Ryder, were killed; and Lieutenant Pellaw, (slightly), Lieutenant Eyre severely, Major Woodford (slightly), Captain Eccles and Lieutenant Riley severely wounded. There were no less than 125 men wounded and 13 killed. It will be seen by this that no less than 964 men were wounded in the Light Division, and it is most creditable to the medical officer in charge, Dr. Alexander, and to his surgeons, that all these men were comfortably in bed and had their wounds dressed and their wants attended to by eight o'clock the same evening. The loss of officers in Windham's Brigade, and in the portion of Warren's Brigade which moved to his support is equally severe. The loss in the two brigades of this division is not less than 790 men. The whole loss cannot be estimated at less than 2,200 or 2,300 men.

Sunday, Sept. 9.

At 8 o'clock last night the Russians began quietly to withdraw from the town, in the principal houses of which they had previously stored up combustibles in order to render Sebastopol a second Moscow. With great art the general kept up a fire of musketry from his advanced posts, as though he intended to renew the attempts to regain the Malakhoff.—Ere 2 o'clock this morning the fleet had been scuttled and sunk, with the exception of the steamers. About 12.30 the men of the 2d division on duty in the trenches observed a preternatural silence in the Redan, and some volunteers crept up into it. Nothing could they hear but the heavy breathing and groans of the wounded and dying, who, with the dead were the sole occupants of the place. As the Redan was known to be mined, the men were withdrawn, and soon afterwards the Russian tactics began to develop themselves. About 2 o'clock flames were observed to break out in different parts of the town. They spread gradually all over the principal buildings. At 4 o'clock a stupendous explosion behind the Redan shook the whole camp; it was followed by four other explosions equally startling.—The city was enveloped in fire and smoke, and torn asunder with the tremendous shocks of these volcanoes. At 4.45 the Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up. At 5.30 two of the southern forts went up into the air, and the effect of these explosions was immensely increased by the rush of a great number of live shell into the air, which exploded in all directions. All this time a steady current of infantry was passing in unbroken masses to the north side over the bridge, and at 6.45 the last battalions passed over, and the hill sides opposite were alive with their masses. Several small explosions took place inside the town at

7.10. Columns of black smoke began to rise from the neighborhood of Fort Paul at 7.12. At 7.15 the connection of the floating bridge with the south side was severed. At 7.16 flames began to ascend from Fort Nicholas.—At 8.7 the bridge was floated off in portions to the north side. At 9 o'clock several violent explosions took place in the works on our left, opposite the French. The town was by this time in a mass of flames, and the pillar of black, gray, and velvety fat smoke from it seemed to support the very heavens. The French kept up firing guns on the left, probably to keep out stragglers, but ere the Russians left the place the Zouaves and sailors were in it, and engaged busily in plundering. Not a shot was fired to the front and centre. The Vladimir and Grossomonez were very busy towing boats and stores across. Cavalry and sentries were sent up to prevent any one going into the town, but without much success. I visited a good portion of the place. Explosions occurred all through the day. The plunder was enormous.

It is difficult, as I have had occasion to observe on similar occasions, to give with any pretensions to accuracy the details of a battle, but it becomes almost impossible to attain correctness in describing such an affair as the assault on the Redan under the peculiar circumstances which attended it. In addition to the smoke of battle, there were flying clouds of dust mingled with sand, which blew right into the faces of the men and swept the hills in their rear, which were crowded with the spectators, or those who tried to be so, and the irregularity of the ground offered other impediments to their view; but greater than all these obstacles was this, that no one could from any conceivable position in front see what was going on inside the Redan, which seemed to engulf our soldiers within its huge dun-colored and ragged parapets, only to vomit them forth again in diminished numbers. It was all along but too plain to understand what was taking place within from the external aspect of that ill-fated work, the slopes of which have astonished the world with the sight of British troops in flight twice in two successive attacks on its formidable defences. This Redan has cost us more lives than the capture of Badajoz, not to speak of those who have fallen in the trenches and approaches to it; and, although the enemy evacuated it, we can scarcely claim the credit of having caused them such loss that they retired owing to their dread of a renewed assault. On the contrary, we must, in fairness, admit that the Russians maintained their grip of the place till the French were fairly established in the Malakhoff, and the key of the position was torn from their grasp. They might, indeed, have remained in the place longer than they did,

as the French were scarcely in a condition to molest them from the Malakhoff with artillery, and could not be permitted to interfere with our attack had they been able to send reinforcements to us; but the Russian general is a man of too much genius and experience as a soldier to lose men in defending an untenable position, and his retreat was effected with masterly skill and with perfect ease in the face of a victorious enemy. Covering his rear by the flames of the burning city and by tremendous explosions, which spoke in tones of portentous warning to those who might have wished to cut off his retreat, he led his battalions in narrow files across a deep arm of the sea, commanded by our guns, and in the face of a most powerful fleet, paraded them in our sight as they crossed, and carried off all his most useful stores and munitions of war. He left us few trophies and many bitter memories. He sank his ships and blew up his forts without molestation, save some paltry efforts to break down the bridge by cannon shot, or to shell the troops as they marched over.

His steamers towed his boats across at their leisure, and when every man was across, and not till then, the Russians began to dislocate and float off the portions of their bridge and to pull it over to the north side.

Sept. 10.

The town is still burning and in ruins. It is in possession of the French. The following order has been issued on the subject—"five officers and several men injured by explosions to-day."

Tuesday Morning, 1 A. M.

For the last hour an exceedingly violent storm has been raging over the camp. The wind is from the southward and eastward, and blows with such fury as to make the hut in which I am writing rock to and fro, and to fill it with fine dust which flies in through every crevice. The Russians are very busy with their signals over the Tchernaya. The fires in Sebastopol, fanned by the wind, are spreading fast, and the glare of the burning city illuminates the whole arch of the sky towards the north-west.

2 o'clock, A. M.

The storm has increased in strength, and rain is beginning to fall heavily. The most dazzling flames of lightning shoot over the plateau and light up the camp for an instant, the peals of thunder are so short and startling as to resemble, while far exceeding in noise, the report of cannon. The rain has somewhat lessened the intensity of the fire at Sebastopol, but its flames and those of the lightning seem at times to contend for the mastery. There is indeed, a great battle raging in the skies, and its thunder mocks to scorn our heaviest

cannonade. This supply of water will be very seasonable to the camp, where that article of consumption has been for a long time scanty and dirty.

4.15 A. M.

In the whole course of my life I never heard or saw anything like the deluge of rain which is now falling over this portion of the camp.—It beats on the roof with a noise like that of a cataract; it is a veritable water spout. The wind is shifting and changing all around the compass. The lightning is fainter, and the gusts less violent. Sometimes for a minute there is a profound calm; again it blows a hurricane.

4.23 A. M.

The waterspout has passed away. Had it lasted 10 minutes longer it threatened to drown the camp.

9.45.

There is a tornado passing over the camp once more—hail, storm, and rain. The ground is a mass of mud.

The disappointment of the many persons who wished to spend a quiet snug day in Sebastopol is diminished by the knowledge that there is a positive order against going into the town, and that General Pelissier has declared his sentries will shoot any person who may be found in the streets in disobedience of that injunction. Passes will be issued from the Adjutant-General's department, without which all persons will be stopped at the entrances to the works. The rain and hail quenched the fire, which the wind had previously fanned to exceeding fierceness, so that there was little left for the flames to devour. Sebastopol is now a mass of white ruins, streaked and barred with black smoke.

THE INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

Wednesday, Sept. 12.

It is delightful to abandon the old heading, "The siege of Sebastopol," which for the last 11 months might have been stereotyped, but it is not clear what is to be put in its place, for the enemy, having abandoned the south side, seem prepared to defend the north side, and to erect there another monument of engineering skill, and to leave there memorials of their dogged resolution.

The wonder of all visitors to the ruins of Sebastopol is divided—they are astonished at the strength of the works, and that they were ever taken; they are amazed that men could have defended them so long with such ruin around them. These feelings are apparently in opposition to each other, but a glance at the place could explain the apparent contradiction.

It is clear, in the first place, that the fire of our artillery was searching out every nook

and corner in the town, and that it would become utterly impossible for the Russians to keep any body of men to defend their long line of parapet and battery without such murderous loss as would speedily annihilate an army. Their enormous bomb-proofs, large and numerous as they were, could not hold the requisite force to resist a general concerted attack made all along the line with rapidity and without previous warning. On the other hand, the strength of the works themselves is prodigious. One hears our engineers feebly saying, "they are badly traced," and that kind of thing; but it is quite evident that the Russian, who is no match for the Allies in the open field, has been enabled to sustain the most tremendous bombardment, ever known, and an 11 months' siege; that he was rendered capable of repulsing one general assault, and that a subsequent attack upon him at four points was only successful at one, which fortunately happened to be the key of his position, and the inference is that his engineers were of consummate ability, and furnished him with artificial strength that made him equal to our best efforts.

The details of the French attack will no doubt have been made public ere this letter reaches you. It is sufficient to say that of the three or four points attacked, the Little Redan and the Malakhoff on the right, and the Bastion Centrale and the re-entering angle of the Flagstaff Works on the left, but one was carried, and that was a closed work. The Great Redan, the Little Redan, and the line of defence on the left were not taken, although the attack was resolute and the contest obstinate and bloody for both assailants and defenders. Whether we ought to have attacked the Great or Little Redan, or to have touched the left at all, is another question which is ventilated by many, but which it is not for me to touch upon or decide. It is certain that the enemy knew his weakness, and was too good a strategist to defend a position of which we held the key.

Sebastopol in flames, his ships sunk, told the story next morning, and some 10,000 French and English soldiers were its commentators. Could we have done so it would have been well for the English to have claimed the honor of joining in the assault on the Malakhoff, the tower of which we had beaten into ruins, and to have abstained from attacking the Redan, which could offer a desperate, and as events proved a successful resistance till the works around the Malakhoff were taken.

The surprise throughout the camp on Sunday morning was beyond description when the news spread that Sebastopol was on fire, and that the enemy were retreating. The tremendous explosions, which shook the very ground like so many earthquakes, failed to dis-

turb many of our wearied soldiers. When I arose ere daybreak, and got up to Cathcart's-hill, there were not many officers standing on that favorite spot; and the sleepers who had lain down to rest, doubtful of the complete success of the French, and certain of our own failure, little dreamed that Sebastopol was ours.

All was ready for a renewed assault on the Redan; but the Russians, having kept up a brisk fire from the rifle pits and embrasures to the last moment, and having adopted the same plan along their lines, so as to blind our eyes and engage our attention, abandoned it, as is supposed, about 12 o'clock, and the silence having attracted the attention of our men, some volunteers crept up and looked through an embrasure, and found the place deserted by all, save the dead and dying. Soon afterwards wandering fires gleamed through the streets and outskirts of the town—point after point became a light—the flames shone out of the windows of the houses—rows of mansions caught and burnt up, and, ere daybreak, the town of Sebastopol—that fine and stately mistress of the Euxine, on which we had so often turned a longing eye,—was on fire from the sea to the Dockyard Creek. Fort Alexander was blown up with a stupendous crash that made the very earth reel, early in the night. At sunrise four large explosions on the left followed in quick succession, and announced the destruction of the Quarantine Forts and of the magazines of the batteries of the Central Bastion and Flagstaff Fort. In a moment afterwards the proper left of the Redan was the scene of a very heavy explosion, which must have destroyed a number of wounded men on both sides. Fortunately the soldiers who had entered it early in the night were withdrawn. The Flagstaff and Garden Batteries blew up, one after another, at 4 45. At 5 30 there were two of the largest and grandest explosions on the left that ever shook the earth—most probably from Fort Alexander and the Grand Magazine. The rush of black smoke, of gray and white vapor, of masses of stone, beams of timber, and masonry into the air was appalling, and then followed the roar of a great bombardment; it was a magazine of shells blown up into the air, and exploding like some gigantic pyrotechnic display in the sky—the effect of the innumerable flashes of fire twittering high up in the column of dark smoke over the town, and then changing rapidly into as many balls of white smoke like little clouds. All this time the Russians were marching with sullen tramp across the bridge, and boats were busy carrying off materiel from the town, or bearing men to the south side, to complete the work of destruction and renew the fires of hidden mines, or light up untouched houses. Of the fleet all that

remained visible were the eight steamers and the masts of the sunken line-of-battle ships. As soon as it was dawn, the French began to steal from their trenches into the burning town, undismayed by the flames, by the horrors of these explosions, by the fire of a lurking enemy, or by the fire of their own guns, which kept on slowly discharging cannon, shot and grape into the suburbs at regular intervals, possibly with the very object of deterring stragglers from risking their lives. But red breeches and blue breeches, kepi and Zouave fez could soon be distinguished in amid the flames, and moving from house to house.

Ere 5 o'clock there were numbers of men coming back with plunder, such as it was, and Russian relics were offered for sale in camp before the Russian battalions had marched out of the city. The sailors, too, were not behind-hand in looking for "loot," and Jack could be seen staggering under chairs, tables, and lumbering old pictures, through every street, and making his way back to the trenches with vast accumulations of worthlessness. Several men lost their lives by explosions on this and the following day. At 7 10 several small detonations of shells and powder magazines took place in the town behind the Redan, and also on the left of the Dockyard Creek. At 7 12 immense clouds of black smoke rose from behind Fort Paul, probably from a steamer which we found burning in the Dockyard.

The Russian columns which had been defiling in a continuous stream across the bridge, now became broken into small bodies, or went over in intermittent masses unscathed by the shot and shell which plunged into the water close beside them. At 6.45, the last dense column marched past, and soon afterwards the bridge was pulled asunder, and the pieces were all floated across to the north side at 8.7. The boats did not cease to pull backward and forward all the time, and the steamers were exceedingly busy long after the garrison moved. At 9 there were many explosions in the town amid the burning ruins, and the battlements of Fort Nicholas appeared in flames. Still there was no explosion there nor in Fort Paul. As the rush from camp now became very great, and every one sought to visit the Malakhoff and the Redan, which were filled with dead and dying men, a line of English cavalry was posted across the front from our extreme left to the French Right. They were stationed in all the ravines and roads to the town and trenches, with orders to keep back all persons except the Generals and Staff, and officers and men on duty, and to stop all our men returning with plunder from the town, and to take it from them. As they did not stop the French, or Turks, or Sardinians, this order gave rise to a good deal of grumbling, particularly when a man after lugging up a

heavy chair several miles, or a table, or some such article, was deprived of it by our sentries. The French in one instance complained that our Dragoons let English soldiers pass with Russian muskets and would not permit the French to carry off these trophies, but there was not any foundation for the complaint. There was assuredly no jealousy on one side or the other. It so happened that as the remnants of the French regiments engaged on the left against the Malakhoff and Little Redan marched to their tents this morning, our Second Division was drawn up on the parade ground in front of their camp, and the French had to pass their lines. The instant the leading Regiment of Zouaves came up to the spot where our first Regiment was placed, the men with one spontaneous burst rent the air with an English cheer. The French officers drew their swords, their men dressed up and marched past as if at a review, while regiment after regiment of the Second Division caught up the cry, and at last our men presented arms to their brave comrades of France, and the officers on both sides saluted with their swords, and this continued till the last man had marched by. Mingled with the plunderers from the front were many wounded men. The ambulances never ceased, now moving heavily and slowly with their burdens, again rattling at a trot to the front for a fresh cargo, and the ground between the trenches and the camp was studded with *carolets* or mule litters. Already the funeral parties had commenced their labors. The Russians all this time were swarming on the north side, and took the liveliest interest in the progress of the explosions and conflagrations. They took up ground in their old camps, and swarmed all over the face of the hills behind the northern forts. Their steamers cast anchor, or were moored close to the shore among the creeks, on the north side, near Fort Catharine. By degrees, the Generals, French and English, and the staff officers, edged down upon the town, but Fort Paul had not yet gone up, and Fort Nicholas was burning, and our engineers declared the place would be unsafe for forty-eight hours. Moving down, however, on the right flank of our cavalry pickets, a small party of us managed to turn them cleverly, and to get out among the French works between the Mamelon and Malakhoff. The ground is here literally paved with shot and shell, and the surface is deeply honeycombed by the explosions of the bombs at every square yard. The road was crowded with Frenchmen returning with paltry plunder from Sebastopol, and with files of Russian prisoners, many of them wounded, and all dejected, with the exception of a fine little boy, in a Cossack's cap and a tiny uniform great-coat, who seemed rather pleased with his kind captors. There was also one stout Russian

soldier, who had evidently been indulging in the popularly credited sources of Dutch courage, and who danced all the way into the camp with a Zouavo and an Indigene. There were ghastly sights on the way too. Russians who had died, or were dying as they lay, brought so far towards the hospitals from the fatal Malakhoff. Passing through a maze of trenches, of gabionnades, and of zigzags and parallels, by which the French had worked their sure and deadly way close to the heart of the Russian defence, and treading gently among the heaps of dead, where the ground bears full tokens of the bloody fray, we come at last to the head of the French sap. It is barely ten yards from that to the base of the huge sloping mound of earth which rises full twenty feet in height above the level, and shows in every direction the grinning muzzles of its guns. The tricolor waves placidly from its highest point, and already the French are busy constructing a semaphore on the top. Step briskly out of the sap—avoid those poor mangled braves who are lying all around, and come on. There is a deep ditch at your feet, some twenty or twenty-two feet deep, and ten feet broad. See, here is the place where the French crossed—here is their bridge of planks, and here they swarmed in upon the unsuspecting defenders of the Malakhoff. They had not ten yards to go. We had 200, and were then out of breath. Were not planks better than scaling ladders? See how easily the French crossed. You observe on your right hand, as you issue from the head of the French trench, a line of gabions on the ground running up to this bridge. That is a flying sap, which the French made the instant they got out of the trench into the Malakhoff, so that they were enabled to pour a continuous stream of men into the works, with comparative safety from the flank fire of the enemy. In the same way they at once dug a trench across the work inside, to see if there were any galvanic wires to fire mines. Mount the parapet and descend—of what amazing thickness are those embrasures! From the level of the ground inside to the top of the parapet cannot be less than eighteen feet. There are eight rows of gabions piled one above the other, and as each row recedes towards the top it leaves in the ledge below an excellent *banquette* for the defenders. Inside the sight is too terrible to dwell upon. The French are carrying away their own and the Russian wounded, and there are five distinct piles of dead formed to clear the way. The ground is marked by pools of blood, and the smell is already noisome; swarms of flies settle on dead and dying; broken muskets, torn clothes, caps, shakos, swords, bayonets, bags of bread, canteens, and haversacks are lying in indescribable wreck all over the place, mingled with

heaps of shot, of grape, bits of shell, cartridges, case and cannister, loose powder, official papers, and cooking tins. The traverses are so high and deep that it is impossible almost to get a view of the whole of the Malakhoff from any one spot, and there is a high mound of earth in the middle of the work, either intended as a kind of shell proof, or the remains of the old White Tower. The guns, which to the number of sixty were found in the work, are all ship's guns, and mounted on ship's carriages, and worked in the same way as ship's guns. There are a few old-fashioned, oddly-shaped mortars. Look around the work, and you will see that the strength of the Russian was his weakness—he fell into his own bomb-proofs. In the parapet of the work may be observed several entrances—very narrow outside, but descending and enlarging downwards, and opening into rooms some four or five feet high and eight or ten square. These are only lighted from the outside by day and must have been pitch dark at night, unless the men were allowed lanterns. Here the garrison retired when exposed to a heavy bombardment. The odor of those narrow chambers is villanous, and the air reeks with blood and abominations unutterable. There are several of these places, and they might set defiance to the heaviest mortars in the world: over the roof is a layer of ship's masts, cut in junks and deposited carefully; then there is over them a solid layer of earth, and above that a layer of gabions, and above that a pile of earth again. In one of these dungeons, which is excavated in the solid rock, and was probably underneath the old White Tower, the officer commanding seems to have lived. It must have been a dreary residence. The floor and the entrance was littered a foot deep with reports, returns, and perhaps despatches assuring the Czar that the place had sustained no damage. The garrison were in these narrow chambers enjoying their siesta, which they invariably take at twelve o'clock, when the French burst in upon them like a torrent, and as it were drowned them in their holes. The Malakhoff is a closed work; it is only open at the rear to the town, and the French having once got in threw open a passage to their own rear, and closed up the front and the lateral communications with the curtains leading to the Great Redan and to the little Redan. Thus they were enabled to pour in their supports, in order and without loss, in a continued stream, and to resist the efforts of the Russians, which were desperate and repeated, to retake the place. They brought up their field guns at once, and swept the Russian reserves and supports, while Strange's battery from the Quarries carried death through their ranks in every quarter of the Karabelnaia. With the Malakhoff the enemy lost Sebastopol. The

ditch outside towards the north was yet full of French and Russians piled over each other in horrid confusion. On the right, towards the Little Redan, the ground was literally strewn with bodies as thick as they could lie, and in the ditch they were piled over each other. Here the French, victorious in the Malakhoff, met with a heavy loss and a series of severe repulses. The Russians lay inside the work in heaps like carcasses in a butcher's cart, and the wounds, the blood—the sight exceeded all I had hitherto witnessed. Descending from the Malakhoff we come upon a suburb of ruined houses open to the sea; it is filled with dead. The Russians have crept away into holes and corners in every house to die like poisoned rats; artillery horses, with their entrails torn open by shot, are stretched all over the space at the back of the Malakhoff, marking the place where the Russians moved up their last column to retake it under the cover of a heavy field battery. Every house, the church, some public buildings, sentry boxes, all alike are broken and riddled by cannon and mortar. Turning to the left we proceed by a very tall snow-white wall of great length to the dockyard gateway. This wall is pierced and broken through and through with cannon. Inside are the docks, which naval men say are unequalled in the world. A steamer is blazing merrily in one of them. Gates and store sides are splintered and pierced by shot. There are the stately dockyard buildings on the right, which used to look so clean and white and spruce. Parts of them are knocked to atoms, and hang together in such shreds and patches that it is only wonderful they cohere. The soft white stones of which they and the walls are made are readily knocked to pieces by a cannon-shot. Fort Paul is untouched. There it stands, as if frowning defiance at its impending fate, right before us, and warning voices bid all people to retire, and even the most benevolent retreat from the hospital, which is in one of these buildings, where they are tending the miserable wounded. I visited it next day.

Of all the pictures of the horrors of war which have ever been presented to the world, the hospital of Sebastopol presents the most horrible, heart-rending, and revolting. It cannot be described, and the imagination of a Fuseli could not conceive anything at all like unto it. How the poor human body can be mutilated and yet hold its soul within, when every limb is shattered, and every vein and artery is pouring out the life-stream; one might study here at every step, and, at the same time, wonder how little will kill!

The building used as an hospital is one of the noble piles inside the dockyard wall, and is situate in the centre of the row at right angles to the line of the Redan. The whole

row was peculiarly exposed to the action of shot and shell bounding over the Redan, and to the missiles directed at the Barrack Battery, and it bears in sides, roofs, windows, and doors, frequent and destructive proofs of the severity of the cannonade. Entering one of these doors I beheld such a sight as few men, thank God, have ever witnessed.

In a long low room, supported by square pillars, arched at the top, and dimly lighted through shattered and unglazed window frames, lay the wounded Russians, who had been abandoned to our mercies by their General. The wounded did I say? No, but the dead, the rotten and festering corpses of the soldiers, who were left to die in their extreme agony, untended, uncared for, packed as close as they could be stowed, some on the floor, others on wretched trestles and bedsteads, or pallets of straw, sopped and saturated with blood, which oozed and trickled through upon the floor, mingled with the droppings of corruption. With the roar of exploding fortresses in their ears, with shells and shot forcing through the roof and sides of the rooms in which they lay, with the crackling and hissing of fire around them, these poor fellows, who had served their loving friend and master, the Czar, but too well, were consigned to their terrible fate.

Many might have been saved by ordinary care. Many lay, yet alive, with maggots crawling about in their wounds. Many nearly-mad by the scene around them, or seeking escape from it in their extremest agony, had rolled away under the beds, and glared out on the heart-stricken spectators, oh! with such looks. Many with legs and arms broken and twisted, the jagged splinters sticking through the raw flesh, implored aid, water, food, or pity,—or deprived of speech by the approach of death, or by dreadful injuries on the head or trunk, pointed to the lethal spot. Many seemed bent alone on making their peace with Heaven.

The attitudes of some were so hideously fantastic as to appal and root one to the ground by a sort of dreadful fascination. Could that bloody mass of clothing and white bones ever have been a human being, or that burnt black mass of flesh have ever had a human soul? It was fearful to think what the answer must be. The bodies of numbers of men were swollen and bloated to an incredible degree, and the features distended to a gigantic size, with eyes protruding from the sockets, and the blackened tongue lolling out of the mouth, compressed tightly by the teeth which had set upon it in the death rattle, made one shudder and reel round. In the midst of one of these "Chambers of horrors"—for there were many of them—were found some dead and some living English soldiers, and among

them poor Captain Vaughan of the 90th, who has since succumbed to his wounds. I confess it was impossible for me to stand the sight, which horrified our most experienced surgeons—the deadly clammy stench, the smell of gangrened wounds, of corrupted blood, of rotting flesh, were intolerable and odious beyond endurance. But what must have the wounded felt who were obliged to endure all this, and who passed away without a hand to give them a cup of water, or a voice to say one kindly word to them. Most of these men were wounded on Saturday—many perhaps on the Friday before—indeed, it is impossible to say how long they might have been there. In the hurry of their retreat the Muscovites seem to have carried in dead men to get them out of the way, and to have put them upon pallets in horrid mockery. So that this retreat was secured, the enemy cared but little for their wounded. On Monday only did they receive those whom we sent out to them during a brief armistice for the purpose, which was, I believe, sought by ourselves, as our overcrowded hospitals could not contain, and our overworked surgeons could not attend to any more.

The Great Redan was next visited. Such a scene of wreck and ruin! All the houses behind it a mass of broken stones—a clock turret, with a shot right through the clock—a pagoda in ruins—another clock tower with all the clock destroyed save the dial, with the words “Barwise, London,” thereon—cook-houses, where human blood was running among the utensils; in one place a shell had lodged in the boiler and blown it and its contents, and probably its attendants, to pieces. Everywhere wreck and destruction. This evidently was a *beau quartier* once. The oldest inhabitant could not recognize it now. Climbing up to the Redan, which was fearfully cumbered with the dead, we witnessed the scene of the desperate attack and defence, which cost both sides no much blood. The ditch outside made one sick—it was piled up with English dead, some of them scorched and blackened by the explosion, and others lacerated beyond recognition. The quantity of broken gabions, and gun carriages here was extraordinary, the ground was covered with them. The bomb proofs were the same as in the Malakhoff, and in one of them a music book was found, with a woman's name in it, and a canary bird and vase of flowers were outside the entrance.

As any particulars must be interesting, I have no hesitation in trespassing on your space with some additional details of the events of the 8th of September, with which I have been favored:—

“The Second Brigade Light Division stormed

at noon of the 8th. The 97th and 90th, 300 of each commanded—the former by Major Welsford (whose head was blown off as he was mounting an embrasure—the gun was fired by a Russian officer, who immediately gave himself up as a prisoner to a sergeant of the 97th, who entered the moment after, throwing down his sword and saying “I am a prisoner of war”); the latter by Captain Grove, the senior officer of the regiment, present with the service companies. The salient was carried at once, and the men entered the stronghold, which is a work traced on a most obtuse angle, requiring a large mass of men to assault it, not only at the salient, but at the same moment on both flanks, so as to turn them, and to enable the salient storming party to advance down the interior space of the works at once, taking the defenders in front and flank, and indeed in rear, at the same moment. In consequence of attacking the salient only, no front could be formed, on account of the small interior space at that point; the men were forced to advance by dribbles, and at the same moment fired on from traverses on either flank where they could not see their assailants; an evil at once obviated had the attack on the flanks and salient been simultaneous. The handful of men who assaulted and took the salient most gallantly held it against far superior numbers for a considerable time, until their ammunition being nearly expended and receiving no flank support, which could alone assist them to any purpose, and being rushed on from these flanks by a vastly superior force, they retreated to the extreme side of the parapet, where they remained, and, being reinforced by some fresh men, kept up a heavy and continuous fire on the Russians in the interior of the work; they held their ground on this fast sinking parapet of loose earth, stones, and broken gabions, under a most galling fire from both flanks and in front, and continuous showers of vertical grape, for an hour and a half at least, from inside the work, when a sudden rush, made by the enemy, who had crept up the faces by the traverses, obliged the troops to retire, and step by step, pelting each other with huge stones, they retired, slipping and tumbling into the ditch, where poor fellows were buried alive, from the scarps giving way; then came the fearful run for life or death, with men rolling over like rabbits, then tumbling into the English trench, where the men lay four deep on each other. The men once in, manned the parapet, and kept up a heavy and continuous fire on the enemy on the parapets of the Redan. The rest you know. The Rifles, as usual, behaved nobly, and where they had tried to creep up the ditch to pick off the Russians on the flanks, they lay four and five deep, all together. Colonel Lysons, of the 23d, as usual, was all energy, and, though severely wounded through the thigh and unable to stand, remained on the ground cheering on the men and giving directions to the last. Colonel Handcock, of the 97th, was shot through the head on the crest of the Redan, and died soon after arriving in camp. Captain Preston, and Lieutenants Swift and Wilmer, of the 90th, were all killed inside, where their bodies were found the next morning. Captain Vaughan, of the 90th, whose conduct

was beyond praise, was shot in both legs severely, and taken prisoner when we left the place, it being impossible to get him over the ditch. He was found in a Russian hospital to-day, and brought to camp. Colonel Windham was most energetic in striving to keep down the fire of the flanks after the first retrogression, and stood where the fire was hottest, trying to force a few men to make an attack on them; but so dense was the fire, that the men were mowed down as fast as a handful could be got together. He was backwards and forwards, cheering, directing, etc.; but a formed body of men alone could be of service, and that could not be got. Lieutenant and Adjutant Dyneley, of the 23d Fusiliers, was so severely wounded that he is since dead,—a most excellent officer, and a great loss to the regiment and the service. Individual deeds of daring were too frequent to particularize. The first dead Russian on the extreme salient was a Russian officer shot through the mouth, a singularly handsome man, with hands and feet white and delicate as a woman's. I won't trust myself to returns. The fire of our artillery had been splendid, as the number of broken guns proved."

Ex uno disce omnes.—The Light Division was deprived of its Brigadier and of Colonels Unett and Lysons, the next senior officers, early in the day, and was left to the command of Colonel Bunbury.

The 41st, who followed the Light Division storming party, whose position in advance was determined, as I have already stated, by Colonel Windham and Colonel Unett "tossing up for choice," got into the Redan nearly as soon as the 90th and 97th, who formed the leading column of attack on the salient, and the parties of each division were soon inextricably mixed. I do not know the name of the first soldiers of the 90th and 97th who got in, but several soldiers of these regiments lay dead and wounded in advance near the Russian breast work on the morning of the 9th. The men of the 41st who rushed into the Redan with Colonel Windham are named Hastnady, Kennedy, and Pat Mahoney; the last, a fine tall grenadier, fell dead in the embrasure by Colonel Windham's side, shot through the heart as he was shouting "Come on, boys, come on!" His blood spouted over those near him, but the men rushed on till they became confused among the traverses, and then the scene took place which I have tried to describe in my former letter. The salient, however favorable to the assailants in one sense, was extremely disadvantageous to them in another, inasmuch as it prevented them getting into any kind of formation. It was of course the apex of the triangle, and was very narrow, while the enemy firing from the base poured a concentrated fire upon the point, and felled every man who showed boldly from behind the traverses, while they swept with a rapid file fire the top of the parapet on which

our soldiers were crowded. At the first rush had Colonel Windham been able to get a handful of men together to charge at the breastwork, the few Russians there must have been routed, and by the time their reinforcements came up our men would have been able to reverse the face of the breastwork, and to close the Redan to their assailants. But seconds of time generate great events in war. Our delay gave the enemy time both to recover from their panic when they were driven from the salient, and to send up strong bodies of men from their bomb proofs and the cover at the back of the Redan, and by degrees this accumulating mass advancing from the angles of the breastwork moved up along the traverses parallel with the parapets of the Redan, and drove our men into the salient, where, fed by feeble dribbles and incapable of formation, they were shot down in spite of the devotion and courage of their leader and the example of their officers. The salient was held by our men for one hour and 56 minutes! While General Codrington, who seems to have become confused by the failure of the attack, and to have lost for the time the coolness which has hitherto characterized him, was hesitating about sending up more men, or was unable to send them up in any formation so as to form a nucleus of resistance and attack, the Redan was lost, and our men, pressed by the bayonet, by heavy fusillades, and by some field guns which the enemy had now brought up, were forced over the parapet into the ditch. Colonel Eman, one of the very best officers in this army,—a man of singular calmness and bravery, who was beloved by his regiment, his officers and men,—and whose loss is lamented by all who knew him, was shot through the lungs as he was getting his men into order. His sword arm was uplifted over his head at the time, and it was thought his lungs were uninjured. The surgeon, when he was carried back, told him so, but he knew too well such hopes were vain. "I feel I am bleeding internally," he said, with a sad smile. He died that night. Two Captains of the same regiment fell beside him—Corry and Lockhart. Captain Rowlands, who very much distinguished himself, had the most extraordinary escapes, and was only slightly wounded, though hit in two places. Hamilton, Maude, and Kingscote are severely wounded. Major Pratt is slightly wounded; 4 sergeants and 30 privates were killed; 1 corporal and 12 privates were missing; about 60 others are severely wounded, and 49 are slightly wounded—making a total loss of 184. The 49th, who were in reserve, lost 1 officer killed, 2 wounded, 2 privates killed, and 23 wounded. For the last 30 minutes of this contest, the English, having exhausted their ammunition, threw stones at their opponents, but the Rus-

sians retaliated with terrible effect by "hand-grape" and small cannon-shot, which they hurled at our men. Captain Rowlands was knocked down and stunned by one of these missiles, which hit him right in the eye. As soon as he recovered and got up, he was struck by another grape-shot in the very same place, and knocked down again.

The 30th Regiment was formed in the fourth parallel left in front, on the right of the 55th, and when the storming party moved out of the fifth parallel the supports occupied it, and were immediately ordered to advance on the salient angle of the Redan by three companies at a time from the left. The distance from the place in which they were posted up to the salient considerably exceeded 200 yards, and as the men had to cut across as quickly as they could in order to escape the raking fire of grape, and to support the regiments in front, they were breathless when they arrived at the ditch. When they arrived, all blown by their haste, they found only two scaling ladders at the scarp and two more at the other side to climb up to the parapet. They got over, however, and ascended the face of the Redan. By the time the supports got up, the Russians were pushing up their reserves in great force, and had already got some field pieces up to the breastwork, and the regiment falling into the train of all around them instead of advancing, began to fire from the parapet and upper traverses till all their ammunition was exhausted, when they commenced pelting the Russians with stones. In this condition there were no attempts being made to move the reserves whatever, while the Russians accumulated mass after mass upon them from the open ground in rear of the Redan, and deployed their columns on the breastwork whence they delivered a severe fire upon us. The whole garrison of the Malakhoff and their supports also came down on the left flank of the Redan and added to our assailants, and indeed there was reason to fight, for the possession of the Redan would have destroyed the enemy's chance of escape. In this gallant regiment there were 16 officers, 23 sergeants, etc., and 384 privates; on marching down to the trenches one officer was killed and 10 were wounded, six sergeants were wounded, 41 privates were killed, and 101 privates were wounded, and two officers and six privates have since died of their wounds.

The 55th was the support along with the 30th, and was stationed in the fourth parallel till the assaulting columns had cleared out of the fifth parallel, which it then occupied, and left soon afterwards to mingle in the *mélée* at the salient of the Redan. Poor Lieutenant-Colonel Cuddy, who assumed the command when Lieutenant Colonel Cure was wounded in the right arm, was killed dead as he led

his men up to the face of the Redan; and of the remaining 10 officers who went out with the regiment, Captain Morgan, acting as Aide-de-Camp to the Brigadier, had his arm broken. Captain Hume was *blown up by a shell*, but was not severely wounded. Lieutenant J. R. Hume, his brother, was badly but not dangerously wounded. Lieutenant Johnson was wounded, and was also bayoneted by a Russian, who threw his firelock at him. The remaining officers, Captain Werge (Brigade-Major), Captain Rocksley, Lieutenants Elton, Harkness, and Burke (Adjutant), were not touched, nor was Acting Assistant-Surgeon Fane, who went down with the regiment to the 5th parallel. The regiment went out less than 400 strong, and suffered a loss of 140 officers and men killed and wounded.

The gallant 62d went into action 245 of all ranks. They were formed into two companies, with four officers to each, and the Colonel, Major, Adjutant, and Acting Assistant Surgeon O'Callaghan, and formed part of the storming party. Colonel Tyler was hit in the hand crossing the open space in front of the Redan, and retired. Lieutenant Blakiston was shot in the very act of getting in through an embrasure of the Redan. Lieutenant Davenport was shot through the nose. On the parapet two officers were killed or died of their wounds, and four officers were wounded out of a total of 11; three sergeants were killed and four wounded out of 16; one drummer was killed out of 8; and 14 rank and file were killed and 75 were wounded out of 210. Such was this heavy day. To show how it fell on our Allies I may give the following *fact*. The 15th regiment, Colonel Garrain, went into action 900 strong against the Little Redan, and came out 310. The two *Chefs de Bataillon* were killed, 11 officers were killed, and 19 officers were wounded. It was observed that an immense number of the Russian dead in the front were officers.

The Vladimir behaved admirably on Sunday. She took up a position within range of the French battery at Inkermann. She was not safe anywhere, and stem on let the shot pass over her till I was tired of seeing them miss her.

Thursday, Sept. 13.

As the Russian steamers were still intact notwithstanding the efforts of the French battery at the head of the roads near Inkermann to touch them up, it was resolved to construct, a battery on the ruins of Fort Paul, within 700 yards of the northern shore, under which they had taken refuge. The steamers lay in three irregular lines to the eastward of Fort Catherine, where the deep creeks in the high cliffs gave them some sort of shelter against the fire of the French. There they were agents of much mischief and injury to the allies since

the battle of Inkermann down to this time. There was the famous Vladimir, with her two large funnels and elegant clipper hull; the Elbeuf, the steamer which made the celebrated dash into the Black Sea through all our fleet last year and burnt some Turkish vessels near Heraclea, just as the Vladimir was seen in Odessa harbor in the month of July, 1854; there was the Grossomontez, which had caused such annoyance from the Dockyard Creek; and there were five others with hard, and to me, unknown names, as calmly floating on the water as though no eager eyes were watching from every battery to lay a gun upon them. A number of very capacious dockyard lumps and row boats were also secured in these creeks or hung on by the steamers.

In the course of the afternoon of the 11th (Tuesday), some of the Russian guns in the ruined battery below the Redan were turned on these steamers, and in a few rounds, not more than twelve I think, succeeded in hulling them eight times. The range was, however, rather great, and it became expedient to move a little nearer, in order to afford them the full advantage of our shot and shell. On Tuesday evening, when Lieutenant Gough, of the London, who commanded in the Naval Batteries on the left attack, came down with his men, he was ordered to take his relief over to the right attack, and to accompany Lieutenant Anderson, R.E., down to the town, in order to erect a battery for two 95 cwt. guns on the right of St. Paul's Battery. The site of this battery was about 700 yards from Fort Catherine, on the opposite side. The men, although deprived of the quiet night and undisturbed repose they anticipated, set to work with a will, and began throwing up the parapet, filling gabions, and as it was possible that some interruption of the work might take place from the other side, a covering party of 120 men was ordered down from the trenches. There were French sentries in charge of this portion of the place, and the little party found that their allies were on the *qui vive*, and were keeping a sharp look-out on all sides. The men had been working some time when it was observed that one of the enemy's steamers had left the north side, and was slowly and noiselessly dropping down on the very spot where the sailors and the covering party were at their labors. The night was dark, but they could clearly make out the steamer edging down upon them, and coming closer and closer. Every moment they expected her guns to open on them with grape and canister. The men therefore lay down on their faces, and kept as near to the ground as they could, and the steamer came over gently till she was within about 100 yards of the very spot where they had been working. They heard her anchor splash into the water, and then the

rattle of her cable as it ran through the hawse hole. Now, certainly, they were "going to catch it," but no, the Russian opened no port and showed no light, but seemed to be making himself comfortable in his new quarters. Capt. Villiers, of the 47th, who commanded the covering party, ordered his men to observe the utmost silence, and the same injunction was given to the seamen. About 2.30 in the morning, when she had been an hour or so in her novel berth, a bright light was perceived in her fore hatchway. The leading steamer on the opposite side in a second afterwards exhibited gleams of equal brightness, and then one! two! three! four! five!—as though from signal guns, the remaining steamers, with one exception, emitted jets of fire from their bows. The jets soon became columns of flame and smoke—the wind blew fresh and strong and the night was dark, so that the fire spread with rapidity along the vessels and soon lighted up the whole of the northern heavens. The masts were speedily licked and warmed into a fiery glow, and the rigging burst out into fitful wavering lines of light struggling with the wind for life; the yards shed lambent showers of sparks and burning splinters upon the water. The northern works could be readily traced by the light of the conflagration, and the faces of the Russian soldiers and sailors who were scattered about on the face of the cliff shone out now and then and justified Rembrandt. The work of destruction sped rapidly. The vessels were soon nothing but huge arks of blinding light, which hissed and crackled fiercely, and threw up clouds of sparks and embers, and the guns, as they became hot, exploded, and shook the crazy hulls to atoms. One after another they went down into the seething waters. The cavalry out on the plains wondered what great conflagration had broken out anew in the town. At daybreak, only one steamer remained. A boat pushed alongside her from the shore. They boarded her, and after remaining below about 10 minutes, returned to their boat and regained the shore. Very speedily the vessel began to be seized with a sort of internal convulsion—first she dipped her bows, then her stern, then gave a few uneasy shakes, and at length, after a short shiver, went down bodily, cleverly scuttled. Thus was Sinope avenged. Of the men who planned, the sailors who executed, and the ships which were engaged on that memorable expedition, scarcely one trace now remains. Korniloff, Nachimoff, Istommine, and their crews have disappeared: their vessels now rest at the bottom of the roadstead of Sebastopol. The Russians prefer being agents of their own destruction, and do not give the conqueror a chance of parading the fruits of his victory. We cannot delight the good peo-

ple of Plymouth or Portsmouth by the sight of Russian liners and steamers. We can only drive the enemy to the option of destroying or of doing the work for him, and he invariably prefers the former.

The Russians are fortifying themselves on the north side. The French are gone towards Baidar.

Our naval brigade, after long, brilliant, and ill-requited services, is to be broken up at once.

Friday, Sept. 14.

It is just one year this day since we landed at Kalamita Bay. In that time we have stormed the heights of the Alma, sustained the glorious disaster of Balaklava, fought the great fight of Inkermann, swept the sea of Azoff and its seaboard, wasted Kertch, and seized upon Yenikale—have witnessed the battle of the Tchernaya—have opened seven bombardments upon Sebastopol—have held in check every General and every soldier that Russia could spare; and now, after the endurance of every ill that an enemy at home and abroad could inflict upon us—after passing through the summer's heat and winter's frost—after being purged in the fire of sickness and death, repulse and disaster, and above all in the fiery glow of victory, the British standard floats over Sebastopol. But our army is not the same. Physiologists tell us that we undergo perpetual change, and that not a bit of the John Smith of 1854 goes into the composition of the same respected individual in 1864, but we have managed to work up tens of hundreds of atoms in our British army between 1854 and 1855; and there are very few indeed to be found in the present body corporate who landed in the Crimea a twelvemonth ago. Some regiments have been thrice renewed, others have been changed twice over. The change is not for the better—the old stuff was better than the new.

The silence in camp is almost alarming; were it not for a gun now and then between the town and the north side, and across the Tchernaya, it would be appalling. There is an English-French Commission sitting in the town. Colonel Windham is Commandant of the British portion of it. The 3d Buffs have received orders to occupy it, and the French garrison is strengthened. The enemy work all day at new batteries. The Guards are to make the roads between Balaklava and the camp.

The Army Works' Corps, like all bodies of men who come out from England to this climate, have suffered severely from disease and death, and up to the present time not less than 16 per cent. of the navvies and artificers have died from different forms of malady. One ship, which sailed some time ago from home

with a considerable number of them, has not yet reached Balaklava, though she is considerably beyond her time. The corps at present here does not exceed 540 men, and they are principally employed in trenching and repairing the railway, which is a vital and all important work. Sir H. Jones made an application to Mr. Doyne to send a portion of his men into the trenches to assist in the siege approaches, but the latter very prudently urged on the General the necessity of getting the railway into proper order, and the bad economy of placing skilled laborers in a position which would certainly not conduce to the satisfactory development of their capabilities, as no untrained and undisciplined men without arms or military habits and experience could be expected to pursue their work calmly and energetically with round shot and grape tearing through them, and shell bursting amid their ranks. At the same time Mr. Doyne and the gentlemen employed as officers of the Corps expressed their readiness to lead their men into the trenches, if the General of Engineers required him to do so. The reasons urged against such a mode of employing the Corps prevailed, and they are now engaged in the more safe and peaceful works for which they are peculiarly fitted. Locomotives and stationary engines have been applied for, and will be speedily sent out to prepare the railway more adequately for its herculean task in the winter, and Mr. Doyne expects an augmentation of 500 men to the corps under his command. The sickness which harassed the first comers is now of a milder type, and diminishes daily in virulence. Many of the men have suffered from their own recklessness in eating and drinking; but it is also a fact, that some of the steadiest and most sober men in the corps shared the fate of their imprudent and thoughtless comrades. In the hour of their illness, these men, in common with many others, have found a kind and successful physician.

Close to the railway, half-way between the Col de Balaklava and Kadikoi, Mrs. Seacole, formerly of Kingston and of several other parts of the world, such as Panama and Chagres, has pitched her abode—an iron storehouse, with wooden sheds and outlying tributaries, and here she doctors and cures all manner of men with extraordinary success. She is always in attendance near the battle-field to aid the wounded, and has earned many a poor fellow's blessings.

The Diamond, Wasp, and Leander go home at once.

Saturday, Sept. 15, 10 A.M.

No news. The Russians still fortifying the north side.

The *Moniteur* publishes a letter, dated from the Camp of Sebastopol, 14th, and written by an eye-witness of what had taken place at and after the assault. The following interesting incidents are given from it by the Paris Correspondent of *The Times* : —

One of the brave soldiers, in passing before the redoubt in which we were, asked us whether we could give him something to drink. We hastened to him, and were happy in having it in our power to offer him a little brandy. "Gentlemen," said he to the officers who stood round him, "you must also have the kindness to put it to my mouth, for you see my left arm is broken by the splinter of a shell; the bone will scarcely hold together, and I am compelled to support it with my right hand," and in fact he was holding up his bleeding and mutilated limb with the other hand. When he had drunk, we endeavored to give him a few words of comfort, to which he replied : "Oh ! I know the end of it ; an arm the less is but of little consequence since we have the victory." He then thanked us and walked on, refusing to have any one to accompany him. This stoical simplicity was evinced by all the soldiers, and the generals and officers set an example of it. General Bourbaki, who was wounded by a ball in the breast, was seen returning towards his tent, giving his arm to a wounded soldier ; and a short time after, we saw Gen. de la Motterouge, who had been wounded in the head by the explosion of the curtain which unites Malakhoff to the Little Redan, arrive at the Lancaster Redoubt with his face covered with blood, accompanied by a colonel and a captain of the Imperial Guard, also wounded. They were walking ; and, notwithstanding their severe sufferings, would not allow themselves to be carried. Another fact well worthy of mention took place near the Careening port. The ambulance is situate in the deepest and most abrupt part of the ravine, surrounded and commanded by enormous rocks, in the hollows between which habitations for the surgeons and officers attached to the ambulance had been prepared. A number of wounded soldiers might be seen slowly descending the steep path leading to the ambulance carrying others of their comrades more severely injured than themselves. When, in the night, the first explosion was heard from the Russians blowing up the works previously to their retreat, all the wounded who were passing at the time halted on the summit of the plateau to contemplate the view of Sebastopol in flames. Forgetful of their sufferings, they remained there the whole night looking at the imposing scene. Among them was a sergeant of infantry, who was being conveyed to the ambulance in a litter. He felt assured that his wound was mortal ; and although medical assistance might perhaps have prolonged his life for a day or two, he insisted on being set down to die on that spot. He was placed in a sitting position, the upper part of his body supported against a large stone, and his face turned towards the burning town. He contemplated the scene with the utmost delight ; and soon after, feeling that his life was fast ebbing away, he rallied his remaining strength, took off his kepi, and, waving

it in the air, cried : "Adieu, my friends : Sebastopol is ours ! *Vive la France ! Vive l'Empereur !*" and in a few minutes afterwards expired. A fact strikingly characteristic of the good feeling of our troops also took place : On the morning of the fire, a Zouave was seen proceeding towards the ambulance. He had received a ball in his leg, and was limping along, supporting himself by his musket. He was accompanied by two Russians more seriously wounded than himself, and to whom he was paying the utmost attention, and from time to time making them drink from the gourd slung at his back, accompanying the offer with these words, 'come, drink, my poor fellows ; what has happened is not your fault ; you have done your duty as soldiers, and you are as brave as ourselves !' Such are the French soldiers ; terrible during the fight, but kind and humane after the victory. On the morning of the 9th, although the fire was still burning, our soldiers commenced wandering through the town. In many of the houses, principally those occupied by the Russian generals and superior officers, were found some very valuable arms, rich uniforms, and a variety of papers, which there had been no time to destroy. This fact shows that the evacuation of the place had been as prompt as unexpected, and that the enemy was entirely ignorant of the day and hour of our attack. The town of Sebastopol is built on a rather high ground between the Artillery Bay and the Port. It is about five-eighths of a mile in length, and in the upper part there are some fine houses situate along a wide boulevard, planted with trees. The lower part of the town is intersected by small ravines, and was inhabited by the military. All the more wealthy families resided in the upper town, and the maritime population in the faubourg of Karabelnaia. Since the 11th, the Russians, who had before sunk all of their line-of-battle ships, have sunk the last of their steamers. Among them were the *Vladimir*, a fine frigate, and the *Etoile du Nord*, a beautiful corvette, in which the Emperor Nicholas and his sons came from Odessa to Sebastopol in 1851, the last time he visited the Crimea."

The *Sémaphore* of Marseilles publishes the following letter, giving an account of the state of Sebastopol when occupied by the Allies : —

"After crossing the cemetery, where there is still a chapel riddled with balls and bullets, I entered Sebastopol through an enormous breach made in the Central Bastion. A large fortified wall protects all this side of the town ; within it lies a suburb composed of small houses, which were no doubt occupied by various small tradesmen. This suburb gradually descends towards the water ; four streets converge to a sort of platform, connected with a little bridge, which enabled the inhabitants to cross a street below when violent rains transformed it into a torrent. In this small place I counted 68 shells that had not burst, and balls. We then proceeded to that street and boulevard which bear the name of Catherine ; it is the elegant quarter of the town ; all the houses have but one story, are very neat, and are surrounded with gardens. There is not

one that has not received at least a ball; they are completely gutted; all the furniture, such as mahogany bedsteads, chests of drawers, writing desks, etc., was lying about the street. I remarked a considerable number of pianos, many prints (most of them rather licentious), and, what is very extraordinary, portraits of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie. The whole of this quarter rises in an amphitheatre just opposite Fort Constantine; the theatre is untouched; it is a pretty white building; when I passed by, the scenes were lying outside against the wall. The church called St. Catharine's, a Doric temple, with a gilt pediment, has also suffered very little. In this quarter not a soul was to be seen; the streets were deserted, the houses completely abandoned; and it made one melancholy to see these vast solitudes. The whole town is now peopled with only 2,000 French soldiers, who are encamped in the streets. General Bazaine, who has been appointed Governor of the place, occupies a pretty house, pierced like the others with three or four cannon balls. In Catharine street is a house which was occupied as a tavern; the doors have been torn down and the soldiers have written on a board, '*Entrez sans frapper*.' The soldiers amuse themselves with playing at pitch and toss, and shooting at cats, which are the only inhabitants of the town. Most of the houses have a story under-ground, where artisans had their shops. From this quarter we went down to the quays. The nearer one gets to the port the greater is the number of barricades. The Russians evidently intended to have defended Sebastopol street by street, for at the top of every street is a wall of large stones, two metres in height, behind which small pieces of artillery were placed. On the quays, which are wide and planted with trees, it was more difficult to enjoy one's walk, as the Russians still occupy Fort Constantine opposite, and every three minutes they threw either a shell or a ball at the people who were walking about; an Englishman was killed in that way ten steps off from where I was standing. From this quay, and as far as the docks, we may distinguish the mast tops of the Russian fleet rising above the water; it has all been burnt and sunk, with the exception of a small steamer

on her beam ends at the corner of the military port. The streets are actually covered with projectiles of every description. The docks have suffered considerably from our fire; skirting them was a quarter of the town set apart most likely for workmen and invalids; it is now a shapeless mass of ruins. Nothing in the town has been destroyed by us; our artillery has only ruined what was indispensable; it was the Russians, who, during their retreat, sprung an enormous number of mines, and we are finding more daily. Even on Monday and Tuesday, the 10th and 11th, there were explosions every moment, and many fell victims to their curiosity. A Russian Colonel, they tell me, was killed at the moment that he was stooping down to fire a new mine while hurriedly retreating. Since then our firemen have thrown water over all the suspected spots, and put out all the fires. Our soldiers behaved well during the first hours of the occupation; they did not then pillage to any very great extent, and allowed inoffensive men, women, and children to retire unmolested. Afterwards they spread over the town, and, you may be sure, took very exact inventories of all that could be turned to any use. Thus, I met a soldier carrying off an enormous mahogany bedstead for firewood. To conclude, the general aspect of Sebastopol is heart rending; nothing but ruins, blackened walls, and gutted houses; the ground strewn with projectiles and broken or spoilt furniture. But few visitors in the streets; not a cry, not the slightest noise denoting a living city—all is mournful and silent. The Russians are shut up in Fort Constantine; their camp extends beyond Fort Sieverna. There is a rumor that they are about to evacuate the north, but in order to make them do so sooner General d'Herbillion is to attack them on the side of the Tchernaya with 70,000 men. Our fleets are still opposite the Quarantine harbor, and as soon as the entrance into the great harbor is cleared they will enter it, and then, if the Russians have not yet evacuated the north, the fleets will cannonade Fort Constantine on the one side and harass them on the other, and that part of Sebastopol will then soon be in our power."

EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.—We read, in the American papers, that Mr. John B. Greene has succeeded in discovering the Celebrated Egyptian calendar of which Champollion could only copy the first lines. A cast of this monument was taken on the spot by means of a particular kind of composition, photography not reproducing it properly. Different colossal figures, the upper parts of which were only visible, have been now cleared, and brought to light; one of them, in excellent preservation, shows the features of Ramses the Third, and is about nineteen metres high. Mr. Greene, in clearing round this

colossus, was able to discover and take drawings of the inscriptions of the pylone, or grand portal, erected between the two courts; and he has also proved the existence of a pavement in granite, which probably covered the whole court, and above which rose a passage, which appears to have led into a second court. The excavations of Mr. Greene, add the newspapers, which have just completely made known one of the most important edifices of Pharaonic Egypt, will, by the numerous inscriptions which they furnish, throw fresh light on different points of Egyptian philology.—*Athenæum*.

From The Athenæum.

A Lost Love. By Ashford Owen. Smith, Elder, & Co.

"A Lost Love" is a little story full of grace and genius. The incidents are slight and common—such as might be picked up either in the streets of London, or in the most stagnant country town. There is little or nothing that is highly colored, either in character or emotion. The story resembles a delicately finished outline rather than a fully colored picture:—

It is the heart which magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of its own.

The opening up of the life that lies at the root of the dull, cheerless, uneventful career of the heroine has a deep and touching interest that would be too painful were it not for the skill with which the conclusion is so managed as to leave the reader indifferent to what is called a "happy ending." After following poor Georgy through the deep love that made up her life, we feel that it was "well with her" at the last; and we leave her without unavailing pity. We recommend our readers to get the book for themselves. No outline of the story would give them any idea of its beauty; but we give them an extract to encourage them, and to justify our own commendation. Georgy has loved James Erskine all her life—she becomes engaged to be married to him, and almost immediately after discovers that he has had, without any fault or disloyalty of his own, an explanation which clears up the misunderstanding that had estranged him from the woman he really loved:—

"Mr. Erskine," said she abruptly, when breakfast was ended, "will you come—? I mean, I want to speak to you for a few minutes." "Yes, I will come wherever you please."

She walked up stairs to Mrs. Lewis's sitting-room, and he followed her. When they were there, her heart sank, and she was startled at her own rashness; she knew neither what to say nor do.

"Well, what is it?" he asked. She hesitated for a moment; James seemed already gone; and when she had spoken, he, as he stood there, would be lost to her forever.

"It was about you, not about myself, that I wanted to speak. I do not think you are very happy; but I am glad that Mrs. Everett's letter, which ought to have reached you long ago, has done so now." "What do you mean?" he asked, stiffly. "I mean that you have had a misunderstanding with Mrs. Everett; it has been cleared up now, I think, and almost too late." "Georgy," he said, quickly, "that is not right—not fair. I hope that you do not mean to treat me often so; it is very early to be jealous." "No, I am not jealous; but it would be unkind of me to marry you, for I know who it is that

you love best," she answered in a low voice, and timidly.

If she had been playing a game, she could perhaps have attached him more closely to her; for he was too proud, too honorable, not to recoil from all idea of catching at her words to free himself. "Georgy," he said, smiling with his lips, but not his eyes, you are mistaken, and need not be afraid of accomplishing my unhappiness; tell me what you know about a letter of Mrs. Everett's, which seems to have made such an impression upon you." He spoke rather hurriedly, and she answered, gaining composure as he lost his: "I know you fancied that Mrs. Everett had quarrelled with you, because you did not receive a letter which she wrote to you at Bruxelles; and I know how the knowledge that it was a mistake has changed you in spite of yourself; and I know how Mrs. Everett—" and she paused.

"How Mrs. Everett, what?" he echoed, inadvertently betraying some curiosity. "How Mrs. Everett cares for you," she said abruptly. "Now, I am going; for I have said what I have wanted—you will come and see me some day, and tell me that I was right." Her voice trembled, but she brought out the words deliberately and clearly. "Georgy, you are mad! This is your doing, not mine." "And I am right to do it," she said softly. "I will not own that I am wrong till you dare tell me that you have never loved Mrs. Everett." They had changed places now; and she, in her self-possession, was stronger for the moment. "Tell me, if you do not mind the question, what had Mrs. Everett misunderstood you about?" "Only that I had remonstrated with her on an imprudent acquaintance; and, after an angry letter which I received from her, I never heard again." "And you have loved her for long—very long, I know."

He did not deny the assertion, but stood half inclined to speak, and yet uncertain. "Good bye," said she gravely; and she held out her hand. "No; it is too soon to say good bye." "I do not think so; we must say that sooner or later, and it had better be now." "No, Georgy, you must let me talk to you again about this; I will come back soon—I must talk to you;" and he left the room.

Georgy sat there, because he had said that he would return; she had a habit of obeying him, and had not yet forgotten it. Mrs. Lewis came in, but she still remained turning over the leaves of some book; reflecting that she would go back to her aunt's, and wishing that she could start that morning. It was a good while before Mr. Erskine returned; and it was not to be wondered at. He had been so surprised at Georgy's sudden words, that he needed a little time to collect himself. He could not be angry, for all she had said was so perfectly true; and yet many people, if they had not availed themselves of her words, and pleaded guilty, would have taken an opposite refuge in displeasure. He was quite collected when he returned, and never for a moment flinched from the spirit as well as from the text of his duty, to the woman whom he had chosen; but it was only duty towards her now. He could not feel the excitement of self-sacrifice which supported her; yet not the less must his be a re-

nunciation. He endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose; and at last said:—

"You did surprise me a little while ago; but I think I can satisfy you now. It is quite true that I have loved Mrs. Everett very much; but that is passed now; I trust in you, or I should not make such a confession. Will you take me as I am, Georgy?" he continued, holding out his hand, and smiling very sweetly. "You are a little jealous and exacting, are you not? I am far older than you, and cannot tell you that I have never loved any one before; I can only promise to love you now; you will be content with that, won't you? You may seek far, my child, before you find such very exclusive love as you desire."

She had not taken his hand, had not moved whilst he was speaking; now she got up, and leaned against the chimney-piece. "Thank you,—thank you," she said, bending down her head, and speaking through her tears; "I shall always remember what you have just said; you are as good as you are —" and she looked up at him with pride and tenderness. She had forgotten herself just then in the thought of his perfections. "I used sometimes to ask myself," she went on as if she were talking to herself, "I knew so little of you really, whether it was your goodness which made me care for you, or whether it was only that you were —" "I know now how good you are; I know that you would make me happy, and I am not exacting; but you see you cannot marry me; you must marry Constance Everett. I know that you will, for she loves you; I am sure of it." "I do not know that she does." "But I do;" and she told him many words of Constance's during the past two days. "Now, are you satisfied at last?" He colored deeply, and looked terribly disturbed.

There is always something convincing in a man's confusion, which happens so much seldomer than a woman's. His manner changed; it had been a little stiff before, for he still believed that she had not really given him up; and he half admired her, and was half angry with her, for what he thought was perhaps only jealousy. "Georgy, it is you who are good, tender, and thoughtful for me, far beyond what I deserve. —Thank you!" he said, kissing both her hands. Thank you!—he had said it, and had accepted her renunciation. "Good bye, James!" "Dear Georgy! shall you always judge and forgive me as you do now?" "Why not? Is it your fault that you have met Constance Everett again? I am going back to my aunt's in London, and I trust in you to excuse me to Mrs. Erskine for not awaiting her return. "You are going?" "Yes, James."

And so she left him. At that moment he suffered for the most; his position was very painful, as he stood there, remorseful, yet unable in anything to atone to Georgy; and grateful, but not knowing how to express his gratitude.

* * * * *

Once in Mr. Erskine's house, long after his marriage, a fair-haired little girl came running to her father to beg to go out with him, and to show what her mother had just brought out of her treasure-box and given her. It was a heart and cross of massed turquoise, and as he bent down to see "the beautiful thing," a vision came quickly across him of the room where he had given it, and of a wistful, loving face which looked up at him. It was a sad recollection, and he took the child's hand, and pressed her close to him to dispel it. He was not much changed in appearance; only he smiled seldomer; and his manner was sometimes rather sarcastic, which formerly it never was. He had remembered her, more perhaps than any one knew of; many a time he had thought of her as she was that night, and oftener still as he had seen her as she was that morning when he saw her for the last time, and she had turned quietly away; and her low tone, "Yes, James," came back to him; he had never heard her voice again, but he remembered it well. Those who knew him said that he had grown older in heart, of late years. He was a tender father, and already was looking forward in thought to what his children might be to him. It was early, perhaps, for a man still young to be looking forward so directly to his children.

"Here's mamma," said the child, as a quick, clear voice called out, "Childy, are you ready?" It was James Erskine's wife. She was still unchanged; time and the world had not fretted her, and as the bright winning lady came lightly into the room, a sunshiny presence filled it. "Constance, where has this come from? Don't give it to Consy." "Why, does a tale hang thereby?" she said, laughing; "it was amongst the things Mrs. Anstruther left me so strangely." "Mrs. Anstruther!" he repeated to himself. "Do you remember it?" "Yes, I gave it to her." "Ah! James,—poor Mrs. Anstruther! I often thought how it would have interested me to meet her again. Poor Georgy! it is not good to have such a nature," she said, drawing back as if the exchange was offered to her, and looking musingly into the distance. "It may do in books, or for a great artist, but for hard practice" — "I dare say she was very happy," he said, quickly; "how you do run on!" "No, she wasn't; I read her when I first saw her, and I know what a cold, strange woman those who saw her afterwards thought her; and it was your doing," she laughed. "And so you gave her that; was it on the day when you picked me up at the station?" "Yes," he answered, laying his hand on her shoulder, and looking at her lovingly; she noticed neither the touch nor the look just then.

This is very tender and delicate; and will, we think, send many readers to the story of "A Lost Love."

From Notes and Queries.

POETICAL WILLS.

WILLS, as a matter of course, are usually drawn up by gentlemen learned in the law. Such being the case, it is very unusual to meet with any in a metrical form. I have, however, met with three wills of the latter description; and thinking they are calculated to amuse the readers of "N. & Q.," I have transcribed copies of them.

*The last Will and Testament of William Ruffell, Esq.
of Shimpling, Suffolk.*

As this life must soon end, and my frame will decay,
And my soul to some far-distant clime wing its way,

Ere that time arrives, now I free am from cares,
I thus wish to settle my worldly affairs.

A course right and proper, men of sense will agree.

I am now strong and hearty, my age forty-three;
I make this my last will, as I think 'tis quite time,
It conveys all I wish, though 'tis written in rhyme.

To employ an attorney I ne'er was inclin'd,
They are pests to society, sharks of mankind.

To avoid that base tribe my own will I now draw,
May I ever escape coming under their paw.

To Ezra Dalton, my nephew, I give all my land,
With the old Gothic cottage that thereon doth stand;

'Tis near Shimpling great road, in which I now dwell,

It looks like a chapel or hermit's old cell,

With my furniture, plate, and linen likewise,

And securities, money, with what may arise.

'Tis my wish and desire that he should enjoy these,

And pray let him take even my skin, if he please.
To my loving, kind sister I give and bequeath,

For her tender regard, when this world I shall leave,

If she choose to accept it, my rump-bone may take,

And tip it with silver, a whistle to make.

My brother-in-law is a strange-tempered dog:

He's as fierce as a tiger, in manners a hog;

A petty tyrant at home, his frowns how they dread;

Two ideas at once never entered his head.

So proud and so covetous, moreover so mean,

I dislike to look at him, the fellow is so lean.

He ne'er behav'd well, and, though very unwilling,

Yet I feel that I must cut him off with a shilling.

My executors, too, should be men of good fame;

I appoint Edmund Ruffell, of Cockfield by name;

In his old easy chair, with short pipe and snuff,

What matter his whims, he is honest enough;

With Samuel Seely, of Alpheton Lion,

I like his strong beer, and his word can rely on.

When Death's iron hand gives the last fatal blow,

And my shattered old frame in the dust must lie low,

Without funeral pomp let my remains be conveyed

To Brent Leigh churchyard, near my father, be laid.

This, written with my own hand, there can be no appeal.

I now therefore at once set my hand and my seal,

As being my last will; I to this fully agree,
This eighteenth day of March, eighteen hundred and three."

Mr. Ruffell was a gentleman of an ancient and highly respectable family. It is well known in the neighborhood where he resided that he gave various friends copies of his will. One of his relatives, however, informs me that the original was not found after his decease. Possibly, on reflection, he was induced to destroy it on the supposition that he had expressed himself a little too harshly respecting his brother-in-law, and, moreover, been somewhat too caustic in his remarks on the legal profession. The legacy to his "loving, kind sister" was such a one as few ladies would feel inclined to accept. The late Mr. Ezra Dalton, who succeeded to the testator's landed property, etc., was well known to the writer of this: he was a good specimen of an old-fashioned gentleman farmer. It is obvious that Mr. Ruffell venerated the memory of his father, by desiring to be interred near him. This feeling, which denotes strong filial affection, appears to have prevailed generally from a very early period. Thus we find the patriarch Jacob exclaiming at the close of his life: "Lay me in the grave of my fathers."

The following is a copy of the will of the late Mr. Joshua West, of the Six Clerks' Office, Chancery Lane, dated Dec. 13, 1804:—

PERHAPS I died not worth a groat;

But should I die worth something more,

Then I give that, and my best coat,

And all my manuscripts in store,

To those who shall the goodness have

To cause my poor remains to rest

Within a decent shell and grave.

This is the will of Joshua West.

JOSHUA WEST.

Witnessed: R. Mills.

J. A. Berry.

John Baines.

Mr. West died possessed of property, and some valuable manuscripts, which were conveyed by the above will.

**CURIOUS TESTAMENTARY PAPER OF A NORTH-
ESSEX LABORER.**

The Will of James Bigsby of Manningtree.

As I feel very queer, my will I now make—
Write it down, Joseph Finch, and make no mistake.

I wish to leave all things fair and right, do you see,

And my relatives satisfy. Now listen to me.

The first in my will is Lydia my wife,

Who to me proved a comfort three years of my life;

The second, my poor aged mother I say,
 With whom I have quarrelled on many a day,
 For which I've been sorry, and also am still;
 I wish to give her a place in my will.
 The third that I mention is my dear little child;
 When I think of her, Joseph, I feel almost wild.
 Uncle Sam Bigsby, I must think of him too,
 Peradventure he will say, that I scarcely can do.
 And poor uncle Gregory, I must leave him a part,
 If it is nothing else but the back of the cart.
 And for you, my executor, I will do what I can,
 For acting towards me like an honest young man.

Now, to my wife I bequeath greater part of my store;

First thing is the bedstead before the front door;
 The next is the chair standing by the fire side,
 The fender and irons she cleaned with much pride.
 I also bequeath to Lydia, my wife,
 A box in the cupboard, a sword, gun, and knife,
 And the harmless old pistol without any lock,
 Which no man can fire off, for 'tis minus a cock.
 The cups and the saucers I leave her also,
 And a book called *The History of Poor Little Mo*,
 With the kettle, the boiler, and old frying-pan,
 A shovel, a mud-scoop, a pail, and a pan.
 And remember, I firmly declare and protest
 That my poor aged mother shall have my oak chest

And the broken whip under it. Do you hear what I say?

Write all these things down without any delay.
 And my dear little child, I must think of her too.
 Friend Joseph, I am dying, what shall I do?
 I give her my banyan, my cap, and my hose,
 My big monkey jacket, my shirt, and my shoes;
 And to uncle Sam Bigsby I bequeath my high boots,

The pickaxe, and mattock, with which I stubbed roots.

And poor uncle Gregory, with the whole of my heart,

I give for a bedstead the back of the cart.
 And to you, my executor, last in my will,
 I bequeath a few trifles to pay off your bill.
 I give you my shot-belt, my dog, and my nets,
 And the rest of my goods sell, to pay off my debts.

JOSEPH FINCH, Executor.

Dated Feb. 4th, 1839.

There are several good points and useful hints in this document: in the first place it appears the testator did not think of making a will till he felt "very queer," which serves to remind the reader that it is more discreet to attend to a matter of this kind when in health, as few persons can think and act calmly and dispassionately when they feel "very queer." Then the choice of an executor is a matter to be well considered. Here we find one appointed who, on previous occasions, had proved himself "an honest young man." The fatherly, kind, and affectionate manner in which the testator speaks of his "dear little child," is of a pleasing character. Perhaps it may be said he left her a queer legacy. Granted: but then it must be remembered that a man can bequeath no more than he possesses; as a member of the Society of Friends would say: "Such as I have, I give unto thee." The "back of the cart given to "Uncle Gregory," was for a long time used in the cottage for the purpose of a bedstead; and it possessed at least one advantage, as those sleeping in it could not very well fall out of bed. The executor being somewhat of a sporting character, the "shot-belt, dog, and nets" were the most acceptable present that could be offered him. Some ingenuity is displayed in drawing up this will, as it contains an inventory of the effects that were in the cottage.

G. BLENCOWE.

Manningtree.

"VOX POPULI, VOX DEI." Your correspondent ascribes to the celebrated John Wesley the dissentient rejoinder once made to that well-known proverb "Vox populi, vox Dei:" "No, it cannot be the voice of God, for it was *vox populi* that cried out 'Crucify him, crucify him!'" and I have seen it elsewhere ascribed to him. It appears, however, to have had a much earlier origin, and Wesley did but quote from Arthur Warwick, whose *Spare Minutes, or Resolved Meditations and Premeditated Resolutions* had reached a sixth edition in 1637. I am unable to give you the exact reference to the page where the words occur, not having the volume by me, and having omitted to make a "note" at the time of reading the work. The words, however, are as follows:—

"That the voice of the common people is the voice

of God, is the common voice of the people; yet it is as full of falsehood as commonness. For who sees not that those black-mouthed hounds, upon the mere scent of opinion, as freely spend their mouths in hunting counter, or like Actæon's dogs in chasing an innocent man to death, as if they followed the chase of truth itself, in a fresh scent. Who observes not that the voice of the people, yea, of that people that voiced themselves the people of God, did prosecute the God of all people, with one common voice: "*He is worthy to die.*" I will not therefore ambitiously beg their voices for my preferment, nor weigh my worth in that uneven balance, in which a feather of opinion shall be moment enough to turn the scale, and make a light piece go current, and a current piece seem light." — *Notes and Queries.*

From the Times.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

DURING a long literary life—the reader who is curious about age may guess at ours by referring to our first number—we have had the questionable privilege of knowing some poets, and several poetasters. Their most noticeable quality was what John Foster well entitled ‘the sly deceit of self-love.’ At all hours of the day they were gasping for praise. For example, the entire conversation of Wordsworth was only an enlarged edition of the parish clerk’s ‘Importance of a man to himself.’ He might not be, as Johnson and Goldsmith was, ‘irascible as a hornet,’ and yet a slight touch was enough to bring out the sting. Very characteristic is the story of a visitor to Rydal. Wordsworth had been speaking of the excessive laudation which Wilson bestowed on him in *Blackwood*. ‘I am told,’ said he quite carelessly, ‘for I’ve not seen it, that the extravagant critic of my last work affirms the extracts which he gives to be worth the price of the magazine.’ Mrs. Wordsworth smiled, and the smile brought a frown to the poet’s face and a sterner tone to his voice, as he reproved her by saying, ‘That was a serious review, Mrs. Wordsworth.’ O wives of poets, remember the caution of Lord Bacon, ‘It is one of the best bonds in the wife if she think her husband wise.’

We might talk of that severer poet whom a lady, who met him at Burke’s table, called ‘the youth with the sour name and the sweet countenance;’ or of Southey, as he describes himself, wearing an old bonnet of Edith, by way of shade over his weak, but lustrous eyes; or of Cary—rather an interpreter of a great poet than a poet himself, but always agreeable to meet in the old Museum—placid and courteous, with the air of a Benedictine fresh from Chrysostom; or of Campbell, half-sloven and half-fop, running over with bad wit, and recalling no echo of

‘—Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania’s
shore;

or of our valued friend Lisle Bowles—the kind, simple, generous Parson Adams of Bremhill, and whose marvellous penmanship, in letter and on margin, suggests the inquiry why poets, in general, should indite so miserable a scrawl? Is it typical of the fine frenzy that buffets them? ‘He writes a lamentable hand,’ old Aubrey complained of Waller, ‘as bad as the scratching of a hen.’

* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery.* By John Holland and James Everett. 2 vols. London, Longman.

But these threads of poetical recollections are too precious (in our eyes) to be negligently run off the reel; we shall hope to weave them into tapestry yet. The poet who lends a title to this article will certainly find a place in that record of other days if it be ever completed. It was in his later life that we knew James Montgomery. He was visiting a friend near London, and our road to the house took us by the once, perhaps still, celebrated Flower Pot, where Ella and other lean annuitants were accustomed to secure a place for Dalston or Shacklewell, ‘or some other suburban retreat northerly.’ Pleasant was our first morning’s talk with *The World before the Flood*; for, if a Scotch squire be called after his estate, why not a poet after his verses? Montgomery advanced no claim to be a brilliant converser, but he had the better qualities of good nature and modesty. He never stood in need, like the talker of Highgate, of a friend to punctuate his discourse. He stopped it himself. The pun is involuntary. And now, looking back to that distant day, we remember with affection the gentle words and thoughts of the speaker, which a sweet, serious eye, was a fit mirror to reflect. There was, too, a gay tone in the voice that seemed to give a shine to the graver themes. We have opened these memoirs of Montgomery, therefore, with unusual hopes, and proceed to gather some information respecting the subject of them.

There is in the county of Antrim, Ireland, a village called Ballykennedy, of which the reader probably never heard before, and of which we are not able to give to him any information. It was to this place that a Methodist preacher, one John Cennick—a second Bunyan in the eyes of his friends—came in 1746; and, joining himself to the Moravians, founded a ‘settlement’ called ‘Grace-hill.’ John Montgomery, a young laboring man of Ballykennedy, and a child of twelve years at the coming of the missionary, became a convert to the new way, and was received among the brethren. Being appointed a preacher, he travelled through Yorkshire and Germany, and returning to Grace-hill on December 27, 1768, he married Mary Blackley, a sister of the society. The Moravians had only one establishment in Scotland, and that was at Irvine, a seaport of Ayrshire. Over this little flock John Montgomery was made the pastor, and thither he went, arriving just in time to prevent his eldest boy from being an Irishman. The poet was born on November 4, 1771. Humble as his home was, he escaped the peril which beset a more famous minstrel, the clay cottage in which Burns saw the light having been beaten in by a hurricane when the infant was a few days old. Burns was living, a child of twelve, within a few miles of the Moravian abode. But Montgomery did not long remain

in Scotland; two years he spent in Ireland; and as he drew nigh to his seventh year his parents resolved to take him to England for education. The choice of a school was easy. About the year 1748 the Moravians had established a 'settlement' at Fulneck, a pleasant spot, six miles from Leeds; and there James Montgomery under the care of his father, arrived October 16, 1777. His destination being the ministry of the sect, his instruction was shaped accordingly. And the system was more comprehensive than might have been anticipated; for it embraced the Greek, Latin, and German languages, together with history, geography, and music. But Montgomery was to climb steeper stairs than a pulpit's. It happened one summer day that the master read some passages from Blair's *Grave* to a party of the children. With one exception they soon fell asleep; but the little Montgomery, lying under a hedge, felt every word go to his heart. It was the first time that he had been brought into contact with a poet, and he caught the disorder in its most malignant form. The impression left by Blair was, strangely enough, cherished and deepened by Blackmore. Sir Richard became the object of devout aspiration to James. He determined to be a Blackmore. Seldom has the rhyming malady been more violently thrown out. Before he was ten years old he had written a small volume of verses; at twelve he had filled two larger books; while his fourteenth year witnessed an achievement in burlesque after the manner of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*. Not even the rhyming and rattling Knight himself was more lax or laborious. But the great exploit was reserved for the following year; and this was no other than a poem on Alfred to be composed in Pindaric odes. Two books were finished; and the author confessed, examining the manuscripts in after times, that he could almost weep over them as for dead children. 'If a man,' exclaimed Cowley, 'should undertake to translate Pindar word for word, it would be thought that one madman had translated another.' The mere mechanism of the Theban seems to bring on a mild form of the disease; and the slight hints with which we are favored of the Alfred Pindarics show symptoms of the true frenzy. Fortunately for the poet's health the project was abandoned, and the immortal King only groans under the monumental delusions of Mr. Prichett.

Poetical growth had a sharp climate to struggle with at Fulneck. It was not so much the want of culture that hindered the plant, as the shutting out of the sun. Blair and Blackmore were deemed tolerably safe; but when there came to the boy James—a present from his father—some poems of Milton, Thomson, and Young—the choicer pages were lopped

off. The Moravian teachers had their 'Index.' While the reader was thus put in the pound the scribbler was allowed to roam at large, and hymns of most childish simplicity, and very free from any signs of imagination, were abundantly poured out. We may notice here a slight incident in the poet's boy-life which pleases us mightily. It was customary for the classes to drink tea with each other. Once they had chocolate instead. When the repast was ended the children formed a circle hand-in-hand, and sang a hymn. One of the youngest then, kneeling down, offered a prayer, or, as we might say, said 'grace,' after this manner,—*'O Lord, bless us, little children, and make us very good. We thank Thee for what we have received. O bless this good chocolate to us and give us more of it.'* We take this prayer to beat any effort in the same line by the General Assembly. 'We could not but smile,' said Montgomery long afterwards, 'for it was the expression of all our hearts.' What became of that child? We fear that he was too close a logician for a President of the Conference.

If we are to believe guardians and comedies, padlocks always inflame passion. The boy-poet contrived to meet the Muse, and little poems of Burns were sometimes pounced upon in a stray newspaper belonging to a teacher. These stolen interviews and studies were doubly sweet. Moreover, he read the whole works of Cowper; but they were cold and flat after the flames and rant of Blackmore. 'I thought,' he acknowledged, 'that I could write better myself.' Other aids to fancy were not wanting. A country walk is the best poem; and sometimes the pupils were taken to the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, and Brierly-park was another haunt of this young excursion train.

But the Brethren saw with regret the Meditative habits of Montgomery. A dreamer seldom works at the proper time. 'My happiest moments for composition are broken in upon by the reflection that I must make haste,' was the appeal of the most luxurious of dreamers to poor Mr. Cottle, desperate for 'copy.' Montgomery could not be stirred into making haste by any voice at Fulneck. The school diary contains several entries respecting him. He was warned, exhorted, and threatened, and at length it was resolved to 'put him to a business, at least for a time.' The poet, however, honestly admitted that he was turned out of the school for indolence. His new home was in the shop of a fine bread baker at Mirfield; but the work was not hard, and even allowed some rhyming recreations behind the counter. He had been with the baker about 18 months when, under an impulse—as irresistible, perhaps, as that which carried Coleridge into the Dragons—he slipped away

from the shop, June 19, 1789, with a small bundle, of which manuscript verses formed the heaviest contents, and 3s. 6d. The world was truly all before him, but where to seek a place of rest might have puzzled a wiser head. The evening shadows fell round him as he entered the small hamlet of Wentworth, where a youth from a neighboring village happened to be resting himself. His father, a shopkeeper at Wath, wanted an assistant; he offered the situation to the stranger, and Montgomery went upon trial.

Wath is one of the most cheerful-looking villages in all that neighborhood, and its inhabitants retained some of the old Doric rudeness and fancy. The shop was the miscellany of all goods and trades, known as a village store. The neighborhood had one attraction. There lived, not far off, that most interesting of human beings next to a poet—a bookseller. For is not Tomson bound up with Dryden? The sermon may be eloquent, but the sexton has a right to say, 'Did not I ring the bell?' This bookseller, Brameld by name, was good enough to forward a parcel of verse to Harrison, a publisher in Paternoster-row. The poet soon followed the baggage of his brain to the great metropolis, on which no adventurer since Chatterton had flung himself more thoroughly destitute, unless it were the brother poet who, ten years earlier, formed the same daring scheme as he wandered along the bleak cliffs of Aldborough. Montgomery escaped the agony of Crabbe; and, if he did not find a Burke, he missed the night of horror on Westminster-bridge. One of his adventures in search of a publisher was sufficiently absurd. Bearing the manuscript of an Eastern story in his hand, he was duly admitted into the den of a certain bibliopole, who, having counted the lines in a page, and then pinched the manuscript to calculate its thickness, returned it to the author as being too small. The disconcerted poet retreated from the august presence, and passing eagerly through the shop, ran against a patent lamp, smashing the glass and spilling the oil. He had the sense to abandon any further enterprise in the Row, and, booking himself by the heavy coach, reappeared in the 'store' of Wath.

The journey, however, was not altogether fruitless. He had seen, perhaps even spoken to, two live authors and one authoress. Among the frequenters of Harrison's shop (Mr. Murray's drawing-room was not yet) were the late Mr. Disraeli, then only pluming his wings; the half crazy and half knave Huntingdon, whose conversion, in his gardener's apron, as he stood on the ladder, is recorded in his own blasphemous diary; and Charlotte Lennox, whose first literary child, as he called her book, Johnson celebrated by a festival in Ivy-lane; an immense apple pie being stuck with

bay leaves in honor of the occasion; while the lady herself was crowned by the Sage with a wreath of laurel.

It will scarcely be supposed that a poet had reached the sunny side of 'twenty' without a wound from the great archer. Montgomery's plaintive verses on 'Hannah,' beginning

'At sweet sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart,'

are thought to refer to an early attachment. 'Hannah' was the daughter of a Mr. Turner, living in an old mansion, Wath-hall. The poet's biographers do not remember him to have ever mentioned the lady, and we have no means of ascertaining the truth, or the personal application of the lover's return, and disappointment:—

'I reach'd the hamlet! all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday;
I met a wedding—stepp'd aside,
It passed; my Hannah was the bride!'

Mrs. Jameson will not find any hints for a new chapter of her *Loves of the Poets* in the present story; and, indeed, some shade seems to envelop the heart experiences of Montgomery. The editors have printed an extract from a letter of his most intimate friend, which suggests the conclusion that it was only a faint heart that prevented him from winning a fair lady. His friend urged him to think better of himself; and surely with reason, if there be any truth (which we do not venture to assert) in the theory of Artevelde, as interpreted by Mr. Taylor:—

—'The women's heaven
Is vanity; and that is over all.
What's fairest still finds favor in their eyes;
'What's noisiest keeps the entrance of their
ears;
'The noise and blaze of arms enchant them
most;
Wit, too, and wisdom, that's admired of all,
They can admire the glory—not the thing.
An unreflected light did never yet
Dazzle the vision feminine.'

This is simply saying that a poet's 'offer' is likely to be considered,—indeed, we reckon his chance immediately after that of the popular preacher. 'A man in vogue,' wrote Hume, rejoicing in the flatteries of a French masquerade, 'will always have something to pretend to with the fair sex.' It matters not much, we apprehend, of what kind the vogue may be. We learn from Madame Epinay that Hume—fat and awkward—turned the heads of the prettiest women in Paris; and the appearance of that frantic quack Rousseau in the Luxembourg-gardens not only threw the greatest ladies into a fever, but excited

the regret of thousands who lost the spectacle. The current of the poet's life now took a turn which carried him into different scenes, and of a higher and more lasting interest; for at the beginning of April, 1792, he became the clerk of Joseph Gales, a printer, bookseller, and auctioneer in Sheffield. This 'leash' of trades was not uncommon 60 years ago. Sheffield was not a literary town, but there resided near it a poet of considerable fame, whom Montgomery had a strong desire to see. We allude to Mason, whose living of Aston was distant about six miles. 'I do not like your improvements at Aston,' Gray wrote to him in 1760, 'it looks so like settling; if I come I will set fire to it.' Mason was indeed settling, and upon a goodly heritage. He rebuilt the rectory-house, and gained a wide prospect, shut in by the Derbyshire hills. His garden, though not exceeding two acres, afforded sufficient space for the exercise of his elegant taste. Very pleasantly his days flowed past in 'Aston's secret shade,' where, as he told Lord Holderness in a graceful sonnet,

—Lettered ease, thy gift, endears the scene,
Here, as the light-wing'd moments glide serene,
I weave the bower, around the tufted mead
In careless flow the simple pathway lead,
And strew with many a rose the shaven green.

But Mason's temper had not improved like his garden; it grew sharper with age, and he was at that time an elderly man, within an easy distance of seventy. The wish of Montgomery was not realized, and he never saw Mason, whom his modesty and true elegance of mind might have conciliated—winning, at least, a welcome not less cordial than was given to the song-writer Dibbin, whom, in 1789, Mason entertained at the rectory.

When Montgomery took up his abode in Sheffield the war of parties was at its height, and Mr. Gales, as the publisher of a newspaper, the *Register*, was at the mercy of all the bad passions of the town. It is not easy to comprehend the madness of that period. It infected the youngest. A remarkable illustration is furnished by Lord Eldon's anecdote-book. A boy of thirteen had been brought before the Privy Council to be examined. He quite raved with sedition, and was particularly furious against Mr. Pitt, who was present, though, of course, unknown to the little incendiary. 'Pray, my boy,' he asked, 'did you ever see Mr. Pitt?' 'See him! see him!' answered the lad, 'no, no, I would not have these eyes sullied by looking at such a fellow.'

The *Register* had a large circulation, which was fatal to the proprietor by attracting the attention of the Government. A letter from a printer at Sheffield, found in the possession of 'Citizen Hardy,' was attributed, though un-

truly, to Gales, who sought safety by flight. Montgomery reigned in his stead. But his own hour was at hand; and for an offence scarcely appreciable by judicial analysis—the printing of a patriotic song for a street hawker—he underwent an imprisonment of three months in York Castle. He was then just twenty-three years old. From his window he could see the river Ouse, the trees, and a windmill; these he never grew weary of contemplating, and resolved that his first ramble should be down by the river, under the trees, across the fields beyond, and away to the windmill; and he kept his vow. This incident reminds us of a remark once made by a subtle thinker, that since the remembrance of each person gives to a place a look and meaning which he only can perceive, there must be an unknown number of pleasing, sad, or dreadful associations spread over the scenes inhabited or visited by men. The lane, the wood, the house, the old church, which produce no effect on our own feelings, may excite in our companions ideas of unutterable grief or agony. What was a primrose by the waterside to the prisoner set free? Montgomery was to be thrown a second time into the same furnace, and for a longer season. But the fire purified him. All life is a going to school, and prison life teaches the sternest lessons. They lifted the poet into a higher class, and even the dark November weather imparted a sweeter tone to his harp.

The Wanderer in Switzerland was the first work that drew attention to his name, and his withered hope, as he said, began to blossom. But the root of that delicate flower must have been deep, if it was not quite washed out of the soil by a storm that soon burst over it. Mr. Jeffrey reviewed the *Wanderer* in the *Edinburgh*, with every expression of insult and scorn, to which he added a prediction of its total oblivion, together with its author, in three years. A false critic is, by his nature, a false prophet; but a prophecy of Jeffrey had a tendency to fulfil itself. In three days after the appearance of his panegyric of Crabbe Mr. Hatchard had no copy of the *Parish Register* remaining on his shelves. The pen that loosened might bind. In the case of Southey and Wordsworth we know that it did stop the sale. But a 'religious' poet has a less susceptible public.

Montgomery's life was active and industrious, but it furnishes little matter for commentary or extract; and the persons with whom he was associated were not touched by a light sufficiently strong for biographical purposes. The *Eclectic Review*, to which he became a considerable contributor, numbered among its supporters two of the most distinguished Dis-senters,—Hall and Foster; with Hall Montgomery once spent an afternoon, but Foster

seems to have been personally unknown to him. He had some casual intercourse with a more eccentric, if a less gifted critic; for he was sitting in Basil Montagu's parlor one Sunday evening when Dr. Parr came sailing in, arrayed in full canonicals, and wearing, we presume, the identical wig which the late Mr. Peter Plymley has petrified for all time 'in its boundless convexity of frizz,' the wonder of barbers, and the terror of the whole literary world. Montgomery did not find the pedagogue a very delightful companion, for he stifled the guests with tobacco, lauded bull-baiting, and spread himself before the fire like a screen. About the same time he met the amiable and unfortunate Bloomfield, who had set up a manufactory of Æolian harps, which he found, we fear, hardly more salable than Parnassian. Southey thought of him kindly. He told Coleridge (in 1802):—Bloomfield I saw in London, and an interesting man he is, even more than you would expect. And he reviewed his poems with the express object of serving him. But Montgomery, in his snatchings of London life, saw more eminent poets than the 'Farmer's Boy.' He heard Campbell and Coleridge 'lecture' at the Royal Institution, and has most happily exhibited their peculiar characteristics. 'Whatever Campbell undertakes he finishes; Coleridge too often leaves splendid attempts incomplete. The former, when I heard him, seemed like a race-horse starting, careering, and coming in with admirable effect; the latter resembled one of the King's heavy Dragoons—rearing, plunging, and prancing in a crowd, performing grand evolutions, but making little or no progress.' We consider this to be very just criticism. Southey's remark on the 'Friend' applies to everything that Coleridge either wrote or spoke. There is a 'roundaboutness' in it that excites anger as well as perplexity. We are greatly incredulous respecting the depth of Coleridge, and regard his 'philosophy' as the most enormous sham since Swedenborg.

The second volume of this biography is wisely and happily closed with several letters of Southey. They are the most costly things in the book, and, both as compositions and portraiture of his own mind, possess a strong interest and charm. 'By this letter,' he tells his correspondent, 'you have more knowledge of my inner man than half the world could obtain in their whole lives; for I am one who shrinks in like a snail when I find no sympathy—but, when I do, opening myself like a flower to the morning sun.' In none of his friends did he feel a more genial warmth. The glowing and refined spirit of Montgomery won his confidence and attachment, and he did open his heart to him with sincere affection. Very mournful are some of the revelations; we see him a sceptic at seventeen, under the

baneful influence of Gibbon; a Socinian, with Coleridge; then a sort of embryo Quaker; presently a 'Seeker;' his life, all the while, passing in mingled light and shadow; but whether in sun, or in gloom, still drawing him nearer to God. Most pleasing is the picture which he paints of his own bright and lively temper:—

Oh, that I could impart to you a portion of that animal cheerfulness, which I would not exchange for the richest earthly inheritance! For me, when those whom I love cause me no sad anxiety, the skylark in a summer morning is not more joyous than I am; and if I had wings on my shoulders I should be up with her in the sunshine caroling for pure joy. But you must see how far our mountains overtop the Derbyshire hills. The leaves are now beginning to fall—come to me, Montgomery, as soon as they reappear, in the sweetest season of the year, when opening flowers and lengthening days hold out to us every day the hope of a lovelier morrow. You will find none of the exhausting hurry of London, but quiet as well as congenial society within doors; and without, everything that can elevate the imagination and soothe the heart.

In conclusion, we offer an earnest warning to the responsible compiler of this biography. We say responsible, because, while the authorship on the titlepage is twofold, the arrangement of the materials has been made by Mr. Holland, the executor of the poet. We have not a word to utter against the spirit of his book; it is manly, friendly, and not flattering. Our warning applies to the scale of the memoir, which is out of all proportion to the dignity or the importance of the subject. These two volumes only bring the poet to his 42nd year. How many are to come? We wanted a marble bust, with the features delicately chiselled and the expression preserved, and we are threatened with a colossus in bronze. We say candidly that the history of our modern poetry has no site for the statue. If it is ever to be put up, it must be melted down and recast. The book is already too long. But in this respect it only follows the fashion. Moore started it with Byron, then came Lockhart's seven volumes about Scott, the not always reputable gossip of and on Moore, three lumbering octavos describing Campbell, and two still heavier and duller consecrated to Wordsworth. Why, such taxes upon patience might ruffle Griselda. They must not be levied any longer. Let us have a plain story of a plain life. Is there not the biography of Crabbe for a model? In the compass of 322 small pages is a simple, touching, yet most instructive tale, which you may read from the first line to the last with unbroken entertainment. A memoir of Montgomery within similar limits might be made a charming book. He was a most amiable man, a true poet,

though possessing few notes, a generous friend, a devout Christian, and, we believe, an honest lover of his country. Such a man deserves a memorial; not a staring monument in the temple, but a tablet on the wall. Of these volumes a considerable portion consists of the poet's letters. They are not a reed on which a biographer may safely lean. Montgomery was a bad correspondent, both with regard to

punctuality and art. Many of his letters are long porticoes which never lead us into the house. Moreover, his prose style was vastly inferior to his poetical, and wanted precision, vigor, and rhythm. When the biography is completed we shall endeavor to give a general view both of the personal and the literary character of James Montgomery.

THE SCHOOLBOY FORMULA.—I know not if your interest, or that of your readers, extends to the history and origin of a schoolboy game, or other whimsical formulæ employed by him on certain occasions in the preliminary arrangement of choosing either "sides," or the individual performer in cases where the main burden falls on *one*. I remember distinctly, but a few years ago, having repeatedly formed one of the ring around the spokesman or officer on such occasions, whose business it was, guided by this formula, to challenge alternately the individuals of the party who were ultimately to form the opposing forces in the game, or to challenge all in succession until, by this process of elimination, the *one* was left, upon whose activity or prowess the game should depend.

Nursery rhymes, originating centuries ago, have before now occupied the attention of the learned—and hidden sarcasm levelled at church and state have been discovered, by those who are profound enough, wrapped up in their simplicity. What mystery may there not be involved in the odd succession of syllables employed from time immemorial in our playgrounds? What a field for the exercise of ingenuity and learning may it not afford to those who justly see, in every olden custom, some light thrown upon the life and manners of our ancestors?

The following is the formula:—Pointing, in succession, to one after another in the circle, passing, in the order of the watch-hand or the journey of the sun, one for every word or syllable pronounced, the speaker, facing with all of us the centre of the circle in which we stood, commenced with his neighbor on his left, and counting himself in as he proceeded round and round, weeded us one by one in the manner I have described, by the run of the following incantation:—

"One-er-y, two-er-y, tick-er-y, seven,
Ak-a-by, crack-a-by, ten, and eleven.
Pin, pan,
Musk-y Dan,
Twiddle-um, twaddle-um, twenty-one.
Black, fish, white, trout,
Ee-ny, o-ny,
You, go, our."

I assure you that I am giving a faithful statement of the formula as used in my days, and as I doubt not many of your younger readers will certify that it is still in existence. Now if any

of those interested in the history of our juvenile games can throw any light upon the origin of this odd collection of syllables, I, and all the others of that numerous body, will feel much obliged to him.

X.

[We suspect there are numerous versions of these "counting-out rhymes" to be found in our nursery traditional literature. Mr. Halliwell, in his *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, p. 134, edit. 1849, has furnished the following:—

"One-ery, two-ery,
Tick-ery, tee-vy;
Hollow-bone, crack-a-bone,
Pen and eery.
Ink, pink,
Pen and ink;
A study, a stive,
A stove, and a sink!"

"One-ery, two-ery,
Tickery, teven;
Alabo, crackabo,
Ten and eleven:
Spin, spon,
Must be gone;
Alabo, crackabo,
Twenty-one,
O—U—I spells out!"

Something similar to this, adds Mr. Halliwell, is found in Swedish, Arwidsson, iii. 492:—

"Apala, mesala,
Mesinka, meso,
Sebedei, sebedoi!
Extra, lara,
Kajsa, Sara!
Heck, veck,
Vällingsäck,
Gack du din lunge man veck,
Ut!"

"Igdum, digdum, didum, dest,
Cot-lo, we-lo, wi-lo, west;
Cot-pan, must be done,
Twiddledum, twaddledum, twenty-one!
Hytum, skytum,
Perridi styxum,
Perriwerri wyxum,
A bonam D."—*Notes and Queries*.

From the Times.

MEMOIRS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON.*

As a general rule, the biographies of men of science are not interesting to ordinary readers. It is not that their lives are uneventful. We have memoirs of poets, novelists, historians, divines,—all teeming with interest, although the incidents which the biographer has to relate are scarcely more important than those which worthy Dr. Primrose thought it beneath him to chronicle, when his family in the vicarage moved from the blue room to the brown room, and back again from the brown room to the blue room. The life of Samuel Johnson was uneventful, and yet his biography is the finest in the language. But we have no memoir of a man of science that has proved of deep and lasting interest, unless we except the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. The fact is that the more completely a man devotes himself to science he becomes the less a social being; the less, therefore a man, and the more a philosophical instrument. And as we do not suppose that memoirs of Babbage's calculating machine would be very entertaining, so neither is the biography of a man whose life has passed into an algebraical formula, and whose thoughts are ever intent upon x —that terrible unknown. "Does Mr. Newton eat, drink, or sleep like other men?" well might the Marquis de l'Hopital ask. "I represent him to myself as a celestial genius entirely disengaged from matter."

Sir David Brewster has just published an elaborate biography of Newton, to show that he is entitled not only to the admiration which the whole world accords him, but also to the love of our hearts. He has done his best to place Sir Isaac in a good light. He has, in short, written two large volumes to illustrate one line written by Pope,—

"God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

After a careful perusal of this lengthened panegyric, we are forced to the conclusion that Sir David is a good Christian and a bad biographer; and that, if Sir Isaac in his intellect was almost a god, in his heart he was scarcely a man.

Sir David has been engaged on the life of Newton for twenty-five years, and in all that time he has not been able to arrange his materials with a coherence greater than that of an almanac, where we learn that Sir Robert Peel was born four days before Queen Victoria was married, and Her Majesty was married a couple of days before Lady Jane Grey was

beheaded. He suddenly dashes forward 20 years, then back 30, forward again 10, back two or three, forward a century, and so to and fro, till the bewildered reader gives up in despair the task of following the author's chronology, and is almost content to believe that Sir Isaac was knighted when a schoolboy, and that in his last days he turned alchymist. This fault is fatal to a biographer, and all the scientific attainments, all the lucid exposition, all the brilliant writing of Sir David Brewster cannot retrieve it. Besides which, he writes with a partiality that, while it wins our affection for his goodness, destroys our respect for his opinion. It is right to speak with reverence of the dead; let the memory of Newton be sacred; but so also should the memories of Huygens and Hooke, Leibnitz and Flamsteed, at whose expense Sir David Brewster has exalted Newton. We are quite sure that the author is not aware how much he has been influenced by partiality, and we shall therefore give a single example of his special pleading in favor of Sir Isaac. It was reported that Newton had called Sir Hans Sloane, the secretary of the Royal Society, "a tricking fellow" and "a villain." It does not much matter whether the report was true or false, only Sir David imagines that there were no such terms in Newton's vocabulary. "When he was irritated at the conduct of Flamsteed he could not command a harsher term than that of *puppy*."—See p. 239. We turn to page 239, and read Flamsteed's account of the affair. "He called me many hard names; *puppy* was the most innocent of them." And why should Sir David go thus out of his way to show that Newton could not use a hard word? We, indeed, doubt very much whether he ever called Sir Hans Sloane "a tricking fellow" and "a villain;" but we do not think that the man who when a schoolboy fought his companion in the churchyard, and rubbed his nose against the wall, who told Flamsteed to hold his tongue, and called him a puppy, and who addressed some Fellows of St. John's, when he saw them examining a haunted house, "Oh, ye fools!" was incapable, as Sir David supposes, of employing such terms. Of what avail is all this veneration? It only defeats its purpose. Excessive praise always results in excessive depreciation. This has happened once already in the case of Newton. His partisans in the Royal Society had lauded his intellect so vehemently, and his claims over foreigners so unfairly, that, as a natural consequence, the foreigners took advantage of a moment of weakness and pronounced him mad. The elaborate life of Newton contributed by M. Biot to the *Bio-graphie Universelle* is written throughout on the assumption that from his 45th year, when the little dog "Diamond" is said to have up-

* Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. By Sir David Brewster, K. H. In two vols. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

set the candle and burnt his papers, to the day of his death his mighty intellect was obscured. Sir David has satisfactorily disproved the insanity of Newton, but he need not wonder if the idolatry of which he sets the example should call forth imputations equally injurious. Why should not the truth be spoken about Newton? With all our veneration for his name we have no sympathy with those who think they honor him by denying his faults, and who seem to us to be guilty of the folly of those divines who explain away the falsehood of one Scripture saint, and out and out defend another for cheating his father and robbing his brother.

The common idea of Newton is very vague. In writing to the earliest of his biographers, Pope expressed a desire to have some "memoirs and character of him as a private man." The desire might still be expressed. We have no intimacy with Newton. Few persons, if asked to describe the character of the man, could say more than this—that he was exceedingly absent, and that he was imperturbable, almost to insipidity, perhaps quoting as an illustration of the latter characteristic the apocryphal story of the philosopher and his little dog "Diamond." This is not saying much, and yet the half of it is incorrect. The contemporaries of Newton describe him as anything but imperturbable on certain occasions. Locke declared that he was "a nice man to deal with," but "a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground." Flamsteed always "found him insidious, ambitious, and excessively covetous of praise and impatient of contradiction." Whiston describes him as equally impatient, and of the most fearful, cautious, and suspicious temper that ever he knew. D'Alembert gives the French idea of him when he says—"In England people were content with Newton's being the greatest genius of the age; in France one would have also wished him to be amiable." If Newton was really unamiable, it was chiefly a negative unamiability. He was unsocial, he was reserved, he was absent, he was silent; in the course of five years his secretary, Humphrey Newton, never saw him laugh but once, and that time it is impossible to comprehend why; worst of all to a Frenchman, he had none of the graces—could not, like Fontenelle, begin a treatise on astronomy by saluting a lady and comparing the beauty of day to a blonde and the beauty of night to a brunette. The only qualities in Newton that were positively unamiable were his suspicious temper and his impatience of contradiction. All else was negative. His goodness even was negative, with the exception of his piety and his veracity. He was good, because he was passionless; and he was not lovable, because he was void of emotion.

Bishop Burnet says that Newton had the *whitest* soul he ever knew. We can well believe it so. Newton was utterly unworldly, and the unworldliness of the man who was content to pace about his chamber and his trim little garden from morning to night, save when he turned out for half an hour to see if anybody would listen to him as Lucasian Professor, must have rather astonished the bustling, courtly Scotch Bishop. Then he was pure as a child; his niece tells us that he broke an acquaintance of the greatest intimacy with Vignani because the Italian chymist told him some loose story of a nun. Bishop Burnet's remark, however, is true in a much more stringent sense than this—in a much more stringent sense than, perhaps, he ever contemplated. Newton had the whitest soul he ever knew, simply because his emotional nature was the sheet of white paper which the metaphysicians of that period were continually talking about. Sir David Brewster has done his best to prove the contrary. He even fancies that he has discovered Sir Isaac in love. Sir Isaac in love!—it is incredible, it is impossible. Fancy the sedate Lucasian Professor addressing Lady Norris like one of those fops called "pretty fellows," whom Steele shortly afterwards satirized in the *Tatler*. "Can you resolve to wear a widow's habit perpetually?" he writes. "Whether your ladyship should go constantly in the melancholy dress of a widow or flourish once more among the ladies"—that is the question, and that is the style of courtship which Sir David, with his eyes open, and all his brilliant optical reputation, attributes to a philosopher whose soul was fixed on one idea—the increase of gravity inversely as the square of the distance. Sir Isaac, we make bold to say, never had a thought of love. In comparison with Newton, Uncle Toby's behavior to the Widow Wadman was the extreme of gallantry and licentiousness. It must be remembered that Newton was a god, and Alexander the Great used to say that two—he might have said three—things reminded him that he was a mortal, and not a god—love, sleep, and food. These three things proved the divinity of Sir Isaac, for he never spent a thought on love, took very little sleep, and as for his dinner, he never cared for it and often never ate it. "He kept neither dog nor cat in his chamber," says Humphrey Newton, "which made well for the old woman, his bed-maker, she faring much the better for it, for in a morning she has sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with."

While speaking of food, we may mention, in passing, as a set-off to the negations of Newton's animal and emotional nature, his

one physical enjoyment. He liked fruit, and could eat any quantity of it. As a boy, we find him in his account-books spending his money on cherries, tarts, and marmalade. This latter taste seems to have grown with him, for he was always very fond of a small roasted quince for supper. He was as fond of orange-peel as Dr. Johnson, and used to take it boiled in water for his breakfast, instead of tea. Apples, too, appear to have been a favorite fruit of his; one of his letters exhibits him longing after cider, and making great endeavors to secure some grafts of the genuine "red streaks." Perhaps it was one of those favored "red streaks" that falling from the tree suggested the system of the world—the universality of the law of gravitation. Other enjoyments Newton had none which were not purely intellectual. Even as a boy he never joined in the games and amusements of his companions. We find him making dials and water-clocks and windmills; and on the day of the great storm of 1658, when Cromwell was drawing his last breath in Whitehall, and Goodwin stood by his bedside, assuring him that his soul was safe, and Bates went soft and sad from room to room, and the trees in St. James's Park were uprooted by the tempest, Newton, in his 16th year was jumping about in the gale to measure the force of the wind. In more advanced years his amusements were still more severe. When weary of his other studies, the differential calculus and the irregularities of the moon, he "refreshed himself" with chronology and all the dry details of lustrums, Olympiads, and the expedition of the Argonauts. With such pleasures it will not be surprising that we return to negation, and say that his æsthetical nature was utterly blank. He had a perfect horror of poetry, and would have echoed the sentiment of his friend Barrow, that it is "an ingenious kind of nonsense." He showed his regard for sculpture when he said of his friend, the Earl of Pembroke, that he was a "lover of stone dolls." And his opinion of painting is expressed in an anecdote which we do not profess to comprehend, but which according to the interpretation suggested by Sir David Brewster, implies that he considered pictures nothing but "dirt."

As we look further into Newton's character we find everywhere the same absence of color, the same whiteness that Bishop Burnet observed. One curious specimen of it is presented in a letter of advice to his young friend, Francis Aston, who was about to set out on his travels. "If you bee affronted," wrote the philosopher, "it is better in a *foraine country* to pass it by in silence, or with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge; for in the first case your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come

into other company that have not heard of the quarrell. But, in the second case, you may beare the marks of the quarrell while you live, if you outlive it at all." Here is a lily liver with a vengeance—dissuading his young friend from a quarrel on the ground, not of high Christian principle, but of unmanly fear. If the truth must be spoken, Newton was a coward. It is the most amazing thing to read how frightened he was to face the public. He could never bear publicity. This was partly the result of a timid disposition which made him shrink from criticism, but partly also it was the result of a self-absorbed and unsocial nature that was all in all to itself, and felt no need of human sympathy. When shortly after writing the above letter to Francis Aston, he was asked for permission to publish one of his papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, he gave his consent on condition that his name should be withheld. "For I see not," he writes, "what there is desirable in public esteem, were I able to acquire it and maintain it. It would, perhaps, increase my acquaintance—the thing which I chiefly study to decline." This appalling self-absorption is without a parallel in the history of the human mind. After having been embroiled in a trifling optical discussion with a Dutch physician of the name of Linus, he writes as follows to one of his friends:—"I see I have made myself a slave to philosophy; but if I get free of Mr. Linus's business I will resolutely bid adieu to it eternally, excepting what I do for my private satisfaction or leave to come out after me." That sentence represents Sir Isaac to the life. All his pursuits were for his own private satisfaction; he shunned mankind; and there is not one of his discoveries that would ever have been published if it had not been dragged into the light by his friends, while he looked on, fretting and muttering at the intrusion. Of him it may be said with truth, what was never truly said of Milton, "His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

Dwelling thus apart, and viewing with singular apathy all that men most prize in public esteem and private sympathy, it was natural that Newton should look with stoical contempt on all the objects of human ambition. Love he needed not; honor he sought not; above all things he despised wealth. Master of the Mint, money had no charms for him. Speculum metal for his reflecting telescope was to him the most precious of the metals. The bursting of a soap bubble when pursuing his experiments on color gave him more concern than the loss of twenty thousand pounds on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. His indifference has extended to his latest biographer, who has not condescended to hint at the loss. Sir Isaac thought more of a lens

and a prism than of all the ingots at the Mint and all the diamonds in Amsterdam. He parted with his money freely—so freely, indeed, that his biographers have regarded it as a proof of singular generosity. It was nothing of the kind; it was no more generosity than is the act of the poor savage who gives away inestimable treasures for a glass bead or a little bit of mirror. What cared he for wealth? He had no interest in human life; he had no sublunary pleasures which money could purchase, except pippins and red streaks. He gave it away to anybody who asked for it. In one of his absent fits he had his pocket picked of more than three thousand pounds, and suspected a nephew of the celebrated William Whiston; he made no efforts to recover his bank bills, and when asked how much he had lost, only replied, "Too much." He was so far imposed upon that he paid four thousand pounds for an estate in Wiltshire worth only the half of that sum; he was told that he might vacate his bargain in equity, and he declined the trouble. "I have seen," says honest Humphrey Newton—"I have seen a small pasteboard box in his study set against the open window, no less, as one might suppose, than one thousand guineas in it, crowded edgeways; whether this was suspicion or carelessness I cannot say; perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him." It was certainly carelessness; but poor Humphrey (how vividly he remembers it all!) felt sorely tempted when he saw "as one might suppose"—for he was too honest to count them—"no less than one thousand guineas," "crowded edgeways," and it was a help to his fidelity to believe that the trial was intended by his master—his master, to whom, when at the head of the Mint, a Duchess all in vain offered a bribe of six thousand pounds. At one period of his life Sir Isaac gave some study to alchemy, and we might suppose from one of the sentences in the letter to Francis Aston from which we have already quoted, that he had thought of transmutation as a means of money-making. He recommends his young friend to inquire on the Continent about transmutations, these "being the most luciferous, and many times *luciferous* experiments too, in philosophy." This letter, however, it must be remembered, was written not long before his circumstances were such as to give him some anxiety, and he was glad to escape his weekly payments as a member of the Royal Society. If ever he thought of money-making, it was only to pay his frugal buttery book, and buy putty for his lenses and oranges for his sister. He gave away his money without concern; he was even offensive in his liberality, and quarrelled with persons who refused his purse. Think

of Sir Isaac taking a handful of guineas at random out of his pocket and offering it as a fee to a physician like Cheselden.

We have not said anything of the controversies which brought Newton into contact with his fellow-men, and put his manliness to the test; and we must leave it to others to adjust all the microscopic details of authorship and copyright which these controversies involve. But it is impossible to pass without reprehension the unfairness with which Newton treated his opponents Huygens and Hooke, Leibnitz and Flamsteed. It is a just retribution that Newton's corpuscular theory of light has succumbed before the undulatory theory defended by Huygens and Hooke; that his law of double refraction has been displaced by that of Huygens; that his theory of the inflexion of light has been forgotten for Hooke's; and that his method of fluxions, which raised the greatest din of all, has been supplanted by the differential calculus of Leibnitz. For one thing in these controversies we may be proud of Newton. His jealousy was absurd, all generosity was forgotten; but he never descended to the atrocious frauds which disgraced his opponents Bernoulli, Leibnitz, and Wolf.

Such was Newton as a man. Glorious in his intellect, with a piety rather intellectual than devotional, he was a stoic without the merit of a stoic, for he had no feelings to contend with. It is very saddening to find that the two most splendid names which science can boast of belong to men so deficient in their moral natures as Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton. In the former we find a positive moral obliquity, which would awaken pity were it not joined to so majestic an intellect that it excites terror and despair of human nature. In the latter we find simply a vacuum—iron intellect on every side surrounding and maintaining the tremendous gap within. We have no desire to moralize on the fact. We have simply endeavored to give a faithful representation of Newton's character, believing that no possible good can result from the fulsome flatteries which are heaped on his name. When the contemporaries of Newton hailed him as a god they declared in very brilliant phrase that he was not a man.

On the sign of "The Baker and the Brewer," in more than one street in Birmingham, is the following quatrain:—

The Baker says: "I've the staff of life;
And you're a silly elf."
The Brewer replied, with artful pride:
"Why, this is life itself!"

Notes and Queries.

From The Athenæum.

Cornish's Stranger's Guide through Birmingham; being an Account of all the Public Buildings, Religious, Educational, and Charitable Foundations, Literary and Scientific Institutions, and Manufactories. London and Birmingham, Cornish.

THERE is said to be not less than a hundred and fifty different ways to spell the name of the town which we commonly call "Birmingham." France cannot boast many more ways whereby she cooks eggs. For the comfort and encouragement of "vulgar persons," we may state that "Brummagem" is, in all probability, much nearer the original sound of the name than that by which we now call it. Strange, too, as it may seem, there is something grandly poetical about this manufacturing town. It may be said to have been born of the Staffordshire iron mines. The woody district offered facilities for smelting the ore, and three-quarters of a century ago Hatton pointed to "a mountain of cinder," which had been growing for a thousand years by the side of an old-fashioned furnace. In former days, those who exercised vocations which required manual strength ranked above all practisers of gentle crafts. In this respect Birmingham is of highly noble descent. Her sons handled iron when smiths took precedence of "leeches." Slow but sure was the progress of the village of workers. The latter made nails "painfully." In our days nails are turned out by thousands of millions annually, and hocks and eyes are produced with such rapidity that they flow before the gaze of the spectator like an arrowy stream. Birmingham is not now what Burke styled it, the mere toyshop of Europe. It is that and something more; it provides for many of the wants and furnishes many of the luxuries connected with all ages,—and were it not for Birmingham, neither dairy-maid nor duchess would be half so comfortably "cared for" as is now the case.

A proudly democratic town too has been this toiling and wealth-accumulating Birmingham. In no locality has democratic wit been sharper. When other towns drove out the handicraftsmen who had not taken up their freedom, Birmingham offered them a home, and they returned a princely revenue for their rent. The people were naturally a free and independent people, always more inclined to wield the hammer than the sword; but handling that weapon with terrible effect, when their humor led them that way. In the battle of Evesham the stout Birmingham smiths followed the banner of their lord of the manor, and fought on the side of the Barons and liberty. In the Wars of the Roses they did not meddle. It was a question between rival kings, and the lorimers quietly made their bits,

while the question itself was being settled. Not thus quiet were they at the period of the struggle between Parliament and people on one side, and the Crown and prerogative on the other. The nailers and other workmen struck in most vigorously for the Puritans; and fifteen thousand sword-blades formed the contribution of the town to the Parliament army. Not a hammer was raised to furnish a single blade for the Royalist cause. The time had not yet come when two antagonists could provide themselves with arms at Birmingham with equal facility. In the Civil War period the men of the town destroyed the royal carriages, and scared the King from his coach at Aston Hall. The fiery Rupert, indeed, made them pay dearly for their daring; but there were bloody coxcombs on both sides; and one can hardly help smiling at finding the mechanic warriors held captive by the prince, ransoming themselves at a shilling, eightpence, and even twopence a-piece!

When Charles the Second, in courtier phrase, got his own again, he became the unconscious benefactor of Birmingham. The fashions he brought with him from France gave an impetus to a variety of trades; and it was the contemplation of this variety and its expansion which first conveyed to the mind of Prince Albert the idea of the Great Exhibition. The expansion, indeed, has been general. Till the commencement of last century there was only one church in Birmingham (St. Martin's),—now, there are not less than one hundred places of worship. The one street of Leland's days has grown into "a hundred miles of street." The quarter of a thousand of souls has multiplied into a quarter of a million; and of these fifty thousand dwell in courts,—the step above cellar buildings, of which there are none in Birmingham.

When we learn that there are about seven hundred schools, with something like thirty thousand children,—if not educated, at least partially instructed therein, we augur well for the rising generation. But everything here is on a large scale. We hear of establishments that have from two to three hundred thousand dies employed in stamping; and though shoe strings first superseded buckles, and boots have rendered their return hopeless; and despite, moreover, that even Judges will not wear metal buttons—as they are bound to do by the law which they administer—for the benefit of Birmingham, yet thousands are employed in producing ornaments of the metal of which buckles were once made; and the button factories are still among the largest in the place. In other things there has been astounding progress. The old rough imitation of Oriental toys has developed itself into a thousand articles of *papier-mâché*.

It is only a quarter of a century since steel pens were sold in Birmingham at 12s. the dozen. With pens at such a price, authors had need be like Philemon Holland, who wrote many of his translations with one and the same pen, as he himself remarks in the homely couplet:—

With one sole pen I writ this book, made of a
gray goose quill;
A pen it was when it I took; and a pen I leave
it still.

The good Philemon was well known at Coventry and Birmingham, and by repute, far beyond it. He was the "Translator-General" of his age, and an epigrammatist once wittily wrote of him:—

Holland, with his translations doth so fill us,
He will not let Suetonius be Tranquillus.

But Philemon, in our present days, might have been prodigal in wasting pens of steel. What within our own recollection was sold at a shilling each, may now be had at the rate of one shilling for a dozen dozen; and of these, one establishment alone at Birmingham manufactures many hundred millions annually. But this is in a town where four hundred tons of coals are consumed daily, where engines are equaling the labor of a hundred thousand men, and where steam is rented by eager but poor tenants, who willingly pay for permission to bring a revolving shaft into connection with some steam-engine, in order to give motion to a range of lathes which must otherwise be worked by the manual (and less profitable) labor of turning the wheel.

Great progress has been made since the time when Charles the First found shelter at Aston Hall, previous to the battle of Edge Hill. A fact connected with that very battle serves again to remind us of the progress which has been made in another matter.

The battle was fought on a Sunday, and yet the result was not positively known in London before the following Wednesday. By the wire manufactured at Birmingham, we can now learn, in less time, the issue of a contest fought three thousand miles from home. Such a change is suggestive of endless annotation. The Guide-book may be dry, but there is scarcely a line in it which, to a thinking reader, is not connected with some subject that excites wonder and admiration. How fatally to some, but how grandly profitable to many, the battle of life has been fought in this ever-stirring locality! How fiercely it is yet carried on, and how vast the general good that springs from the competition! How singular, too, seems the fact that in the names of the princes of labor, as we may call them, who have built up fortunes and less perishable renown in this locality, there is scarcely one that bears a Norman sound! Saxon and Celt furnish the greater number, and Watt, Boulton, Murdoch, and names of similar origin occur before we come to a solitary Baskerville,—which, after all, may not be Norman. Before concluding, we may allude to another incontrovertible fact, namely, that the Drama is among the institutions that have least flourished in this city of labor. Again and again has the house of Thespis been converted into a chapel. The present theatre has seen a variety of fortune,—good, bad and indifferent. On its stage Elision was sparkling, Bunn magniloquent, and Macready, on one occasion at least, astounded. It was when the actor whom he had enraged by over-drilling, determined to spoil the "point" which Mr. Macready desired to make, in Richard. "My Lord," duly said the messenger, "the Duke of Buckingham is taken,"—and," he hurriedly added, before Richard could reply, "we have chopped off his head!" This is the only humorous story we know in connection with old "Bromwycham."

MR. ANNOTT LAWRENCE, the late diplomatic representative of the United States at the British Court, died at Boston on the 18th ult., aged sixty-three. The deceased realized an ample fortune by his mercantile enterprise, by which he obtained in America a high and influential position, having been twice elected for Boston to Congress. He contested, in 1848, the Vice-Presidency with Mr. Fillmore, and lost his election by only ten votes. Mr. Lawrence's influence with the old Whig party, and his great wealth, prompted the then existing Administration to appoint him Minister Plenipotentiary to the British Court, in succession to Mr. Bancroft, the

historian. He discharged the duties of that post with much credit. Impaired health at length obliged Mr. Lawrence to seek retirement; and when he was relieved of his duties, he sought that quietude in his native country which, after a too short period, has terminated, much to the regret of an affectionate family and large circle of friends, in his death. As far as English society is concerned, the memory of Mr. Lawrence will be regarded with the warmest esteem. The citizens of Boston have held a meeting in order to determine on a fitting testimonial of their appreciation of his character and public services.—*Examiner, 8th Sept.*

From *The Athenæum*.

The Modern Scottish Minstrel; or, the Songs of Scotland of the Past Half Century; with Memoirs of the Poets, and Sketches and Specimens in English Verse of the most celebrated Modern Gaelic Bards. By Charles Rogers, LL.D. Vol. I. Edinburgh, Black.

It would be hardly possible to produce a work like the one here commenced which should not contain new and amusing matter, tempting the reader to think, to compare,—if not “to tune up a stave;”—but the specimen volume before us does not make good the promise of the Preface. There Dr. Rogers recommends himself in the old way, by referring to the “deficiencies of former collections” as a plea for the necessity of a new one. Has he looked into all that exist? A certain stout little “Book of Scottish Song”—now twelve years old. [*Athen.* No. 834]—is probably unknown to him:—albeit it contains many well-selected and unfamiliar lyrics, with careful biographical notices. Such praise cannot be given on the present occasion without qualification. We are not satisfied that the text of Dr. Rogers is always correct;—we are sure that his taste in selection is questionable. Everybody familiar with the popular songs of Ireland and Scotland must have observed the tendency of the songsters to stumble into affectation and false sentiment when they meant to be most refined and deep in pathos. Burns himself could not always resist the temptation to clothe his thoughts in fustian,—did not always prove superior to the *Dominie's* desire of resorting to classical allusions. He sang sometimes of *Chloris* as well as of *Coila*:—he could not hand his “bonnie Leslie” across “the border” without declaring that—

She's gone, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests further.

Into our model collection of Scottish Songs the fewest possible number of specimens thus specked and spoiled should be admitted. We do not hold it necessary to prove the peasant training of the sweetest of our northern singers by frequent recourse to such false and feeble illustrations. Why did Dr. Rogers print among the songs by the author of “The Siller Gun” a lyric like “The Troops were embarked,” of which the second verse contains so astounding a specimen of namby-pamby as the following?—

They parted from their dearest friends,
From all their heart-desires,
And Rosabel to Heaven commends
The man her soul admires!

The volume opens with a notice of the Rev.

John Skinner, who may be called “modern,” inasmuch as he died since the century came in, though he was born in the year 1721. Of the many songs by this reverend singer which are here printed, the only one worth preservation is “Tullochgorum,” because of the daring rant of its rhythm, which makes it a thoroughly musical lyric. In “John o’ Badenyon” occur Arcadian stupidities concerning “*Phillis*,” and allusions of the hour to “Johnny Wilkes” and “Parson Horne.” Skinner’s words to “Dumbarton Drums” and to “Tibbie Fowler” (the latter heroine moralized into “*Lizzie Liberty*,” by way of political significance) sing heavily, and have neither pith nor spirit to relieve the burden. The Rev. W. Cameron stands the second in Dr. Rogers’s list. By him, we have but one song, and this is in no respect remarkable. The third “minstrel” is Anne Home, better known as the wife of John Hunter, the celebrated anatomist; and famous for her *Canzonets*, that will last as long as music lasts, though they are not Scottish in dialect, subject, or metre. Surely it would have been worth our author’s while to have recorded that it was Mrs. Hunter’s words which were selected by Haydn to set. Perhaps he does not know this; since we doubt whether he is even correct in his text of Mrs. Hunter’s songs. In the canzonet called “Recollection,” the line to the music runs,—

O days, too fair, too bright to last,

—the word “sweet,” printed for “fair” in Dr. Rogers’s version, is more cacophonous, without being more poetical.

We have, by chance, entered on the chapter of Scottish poetesses and new readings of old songs; and, in pursuance of both subjects, we come naturally to the notice of Lady Anne Barnard, who might be called “*Single-Song*” Lady Anne, like “*Single-Speech*” Hamilton in right of his solitary oration. Whether a lyric of such high class as “Auld Robin Gray” was ever written by one who wrote so little besides is a topic for some new literary curiosity fancier to handle. It is true that a quarto volume of verse, “composed by herself and by others of the noble house of Lindsay,” is said to have been confided, by Lady Anne, to Sir Walter Scott, with a view to publication, and to have been “called in,” by its author, after it was printed. “The copies of the work appear to have been destroyed,” says Dr. Rogers. But it is hardly likely that so confirmed a bibliomaniac as Sir Walter Scott should not have retained one (to use Walpole’s phrase concerning the copy of “Bonner’s Ghost,” printed on brown paper,) for his own “private eating,” and it was worth Dr. Rogers’s while to have made a

diligent search in the Abbotsford Library for such a precious relic of "bonnie Ladie Anne." This he does not appear to have done. In Lady Anne Barnard's song, too, as in Mrs. Hunter's Canzonet, another line is spoilt by a new reading, which, we think, is spurious. The fourth line in the second verse of the second, or supplementary part of the ballad, is printed by Dr. Rogers as follows:—

And she drooped like a snowdrop broke down by the hail.

—Sir Walter Scott, availing himself of the same verse as a motto to one of the chapters in his "Pirate," gives "lily" for "snowdrop;" a word equally melancholy and twice as musical. Now, it is a well-known fact, once again stated here, that Lady Anne, when being pressed on the subject of the authorship fifty years after "Auld Robin Gray" was written, wrote

"to Sir Walter Scott, with whom she was acquainted, requesting him to inform his *personal friend*, the Author of 'Waverley,' that she was, indeed, the author. She inclosed a copy to Sir Walter, written in her own hand; and with her consent, in the course of the following year, he printed 'Auld Robin Gray' as a contribution to the Bannatyne Club."

The above remarks and inquiries are further justified by our author's confession with regard to Alexander Wilson's "Auchtertool," that he has ventured to omit three verses, and alter slightly the last line of the song. The verbal changes on which we have animadverted may be other "venturings" of a like kind. Whether they be or not, it is by the admission of such new readings, without question, that lyrics become vitiated past correction. Thus, in the notation of melodies, as we have often remarked, a flat or a sharp introduced by an incorrect ear, or a voice ill pitched, or a careless transcriber, ends in becoming a part of the accepted version, to the damage of what is symmetrical, and to the confusion of all save such as value the specimen in proportion as it offers crudities for partisanship to defend or for ingenuity to explain away.

Leaving Mrs. Grant, of Carron, the author of "Roy's Wife"—and that more famous Mrs. Grant—the Lady of Laggan—we are still among Scottish poetesses; and must still report on Dr. Rogers's book by offering *addenda*. His notice of Joanna Baillie as a song writer is meagre and incomplete. Not a line reminds us that Sir Walter Scott withdrew an outlaw chorus from "Rokeby," finding not only its thoughts, but its verbal burden too, anticipated in one of "Sister Joanna's" spirited lyrics. Not a line informs readers to come that this self-same glee, "The Chough and Crow," was (probably by the *Great Unknown's* own hand)

promoted to its present place in "Guy Mannering" when the romancer dramatized his romance in aid of his friend Terry. Then seeing that the plays of Joanna Baillie are mentioned, it is strange that Dr. Rogers should have said no word concerning her drama on Hope, "The Beacon,"—an omission the less pardonable because it contains some of her best songs,—and because in one of her ingenious prefaces she declared that Hope was on purpose, and not by chance, lyrically and musically treated. Further, what has "The Maid of Llanwellyn"—a set of words written to a Welsh air by Miss Baillie—to do in a "Modern Scottish Minstrel?"

Another Scottish songstress receives better treatment from Dr. Rogers than the gifted women from whom we have just parted; and seeing that her name is less amiliar to the English than that of Mrs. Hunter, or Lady Anne, or the dramatist of "the Passions," and that she furnishes the freshest pages in this book, we will loiter for a while in her company. We allude to Lady Nairn. She was the songster (long time anonymous) who wrote "Caller Herrin," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Land o' the Leal," "The Bonnie Brier Bush," "John Tod," and "The Women are a' gane wud,"—half-a-dozen songs bearing the stamp of character, originality, and variety. Without some such command over variety there is no more possibility of being a great song-writer than of being a great actor. A single happy case of personal illustration—a fortunate utterance of the sorrows that beset or the hopes that animate—do not substantiate a claim for their owner to rank among the artists in either branch of Art. The genuine lyrics (as distinguished from those who have written a happy lyric by accident) are those who can lyrically display

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,—

who can laugh aloud, or weep sorrowfully, as the theme demands,—true in their sympathies in proportion as they avoid venting their experiences. Lady Nairn was one of the old house of Oliphant,—born in 1776,—christened Carolina (after Carolus) out of regard to the Jacobite prejudices of her ancestry,—and, when she was young, called "The Flower of Strathearn," as a tribute to her own great personal beauty. She began to write songs, we are told, under the honest purpose of furnishing the peasantry with words less ribald and equivocal than some of those which distinguished the peddler's sheet, and were heard at the "ingle nook" when the ditty went round.—

"The occasion of an agricultural dinner in the neighborhood afforded her a fitting opportunity of making trial of her success in the good work

which she had begun. To the president of the meeting she sent anonymously her verses entitled 'The Ploughman'; and the production being publicly read, was received with warm approbation, and was speedily put to music. She was thus encouraged to proceed in her self-imposed task; and to this early period of her life may be ascribed some of her best lyrics. 'The Laird o' Cockpen' and 'The Land o' the Leal,' at the close of the century, were sung in every district of the kingdom."

This "Land o' the Leal" must be an example hard of digestion to those pedants and transcendentalists who have chosen to claim for music a significance of interpretation so precise and unalterable that any use of its language save one must be wrong. The air treated as a slow song is delicious,—breathing the very soul of pathos, with a tear in every note. Played as a quick-step, it inspired Burns with his fine war-song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." To continue for a moment—and in proof that our remark can be illustrated beyond the local circle of Scottish minstrelsy—thus, too, did the frolicsome, free-and-easy "Groves of Blarney," with an unimportant condensation of accent, yield to Moore that pathetic melody which he so deliciously mated with words in his "Last Rose of Summer."—But let us return to Lady Nairn. She seems to have been one of the women, not uncommon in England, who exercise their gifts for the pure pleasure of exercising them, and not with the slightest reference to publicity. The many songs which she contributed to the *Scottish Minstrel* were signed "B. B.," and were understood to have been written by a visionary Mrs. Bogan of Bogan; and it was only when Lady Nairn reached an advanced period of life and long after her words had been adopted by thousands of singers and ascribed to scores of authors, that the truth quietly crept out beyond the small circle of "confidential friends." Lady Nairn was accomplished in other worlds of Art,—she was skilled, we are here told, "in the use of the pencil." She was bounteous, too, in more gifts than those of her talents:—

"In an address delivered at Edinburgh, on the 29th of December, 1845, Dr. Chalmers, referring to the exertions which had been made for the supply of religious instruction in the district of the West Port of Edinburgh, made the following remarks regarding Lady Nairn, who was then recently deceased:—"Let me speak now as to the countenance we have received. I am now at liberty to mention a very noble benefaction which I received about a year ago. Inquiry was made at me by a lady, mentioning that she had a sum at her disposal, and that she wished to apply it to charitable purposes, and she wanted me to enumerate a list of charitable objects, in proportion to the estimate I had of their value.

Accordingly, I furnished her with a scale of about five or six charitable objects. The highest in the scale were those institutions which had for their design the Christianizing of the people at home; and I also mentioned to her, in connection with the Christianizing at home, what we were doing at the West Port; and there came to me from her, in the course of a day or two, no less a sum than 300*l*. She is now dead; she is now in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions of secrecy, and, accordingly, I did not mention her name to any person; but after she was dead, I begged of her nearest heir that I might be allowed to proclaim it, because I thought that her example, so worthy to be followed, might influence others in imitating her; and I am happy to say that I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairn of Perthshire. It enabled us, at the expense of 330*l*., to purchase sites for schools, and a church; and we have got a site in the very heart of the locality, with a very considerable extent of ground for a washing-green, a washing-house, and a play-ground for the children, so that we are a good step in advance towards the completion of our parochial economy."

—Such a woman as this is one of the figures which will perpetually cheer the student of British *belles lettres* and the historian of British society in the most private places to which his researches can lead him. Among modern Scottish songs, we know of few better than Lady Nairn's. The following is by no means her best; but we select it because it is less familiar than others that we have mentioned:—

Gude nicht, and joy be wi' ye a'!

The best o' joys maun hae an end,
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The longest day will wear away,
And I maun bid fareweel to you.
The tear will tell when hearts are fu',
For words, gin they hae sense ava,
They're broken, faltering and fow:
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'!

Oh, we hae wandered far and wide,
O'er Scotia's lands o' frith and fell!
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
And twined it wi' the heather-bell.
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot-house and the baron's ha';
Now we maun tak a last fareweel:
Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'!

My harp, fareweel! thy strains are past,
Of gleefu' mirth and heartfelt care;
The voice of song maun cease at last,
And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
But, oh! whar sorrow canna win,
Nor parting tears are shed ava,
May we meet neighbor, kith, and kin,
And joy for aye be wi' us a'!

After the notice of Lady Nairn, the longest

article is devoted by Dr. Rogers to Sir Walter Scott. But here again the biographical sketch seems to us executed heavily, and without discrimination:—since, after all, Sir Walter was a songster episodically rather than habitually; as such claiming a light and discerning touch. There is a wide distinction betwixt the poet who writes for music—such as Burns, or Moore, or Barry Cornwall—and the poet whose thoughts and rhymes tempt the musician. The former must leave much to be done by his partner—the verses of the latter are as often encumbered as decorated by the volunteered companionship of another art. Curiously enough, with all their beauty and simplicity and flow, not one of Scott's Lochinvars, or County Guys, or Allen-a-Dales has become a popular song in the wide acceptance of the term.

On the "Metrical Translations from Modern Gaelic Minstrelsy," which close this first volume, we shall not here comment,—not having, for the moment, leisure to examine and compare them, as we have done with the ditties written in a more living language. But the lyrics of Duncan Macintyre—especially his long poem, "Bendourain, the Otter Mount" (a series of pictures from the wilds of Glenorchy)—have vigor and local color enough to justify a volume being devoted to him by any one thoroughly acquainted with the subject and able to treat it with *gusto*. Such a one—our notice will have rendered it evident—we do not conceive Dr. Rogers to be. It rests with himself to change our opinion in the five volumes of his collection which are still to come.

From The Spectator, 1 Sept.

MR. GORDON CUMMING'S ILLUSTRATED LECTURE.

The modern Orion is one of the remarkable men of our day; a man so possessed with the spirit of the chase that he leaves his country, his kindred and his father's house, his profession and his prospects of promotion, to hunt savage beasts for the mere love of the thing. His museum, for a long time exhibited at Knightsbridge, is now removed to Piccadilly. As our readers are most of them aware, this museum is composed of the skins of beasts, skulls and ivory tusks, horns and antlers, taken in hunting by the collector during five years' wandering in Southern Africa, and other huntings in Europe, Asia, and America. It is undoubtedly the most extraordinary collection of trophies ever made by one man. The history of the pursuit and capture of large game (for it is against the ravenous and deadly feroz nature that Mr. Cumming makes war) is given in detail in the two volumes he published some years ago. He has now worked up certain portions of that book into a lively and very effective lecture, which is improved and illustrated by a series of scenic pictures designed by such men as Leech, Haghe, Harrison Wier, etc. Once or twice in the course of his lecture, Mr. Cumming showed an anxiety to free himself from the charge of cruelty and love of slaughter, which was brought against him at the time of the publication of his book. It is quite clear that the collector of such a museum could not have been cast in the gentlest form of humanity. To be born a mighty hunter, is to be born destructive—that is clear. Mr. Cumming could not be tender-hearted to the lions and tigers, elephants and rhinoceroses, he met within his walks abroad. One shrinks at first from the idea of the enormous amount of wild animal life he destroyed for his amusement. It looks like wanton cruelty; but, on reflection, it turns out to be no more cruel than the autumnal recreations of every English

gentleman who can use a gun and his own time. Moreover, Mr. Cumming shows that his sports were the means of life to scores of native savages who followed him for the food he killed for them.

The lecture, which was privately delivered on Thursday night, was a successful experiment. It is clever enough, instructive enough, unlearned and amusing enough, to charm large numbers of cultivated idle people, and as many uncultivated working people as can get to hear it. A little reduction here and there would improve it; but the bold, easy, colloquial, unpretending tone of the whole, cannot be improved—it just suits the subject. If we might hint a fault, it would be concerning the style of the musical performance which accompanied the pictures. The tunes selected, whether Scotch or German, should not be "melancholy slow."

THE ANALOGY OF NATURE.

[A beautiful thought was suggested by the Rev. Dr. Channing, that the foliage of every tree when agitated by the wind produced a sound peculiar to itself.]

WHILE to the ear attuned to harmony
The nice vibration of each trembling leaf
May have a sound peculiar to itself,
And in its measure speak its Maker's praise,
Till in their blended melody the grove
Vocal becomes, and the trees clap their hands;
So "every heart knows its own bitterness,
Nor stranger intermeddeth with its joy."
It dwells apart — its own peculiar chant
Of joy or grief borne singly on the breeze
Till friendship's voice and kind affection's tone
In sweetest unison are intertwined,
And in each soul a chord divine is swayed
By the soft breath of love, and vibrates true
To Nature's touch, "making the whole world kin."

Transcript.

G. K.

From The Press.

Meteorological Essays. By François Arago. With an Introduction by Baron Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated under the Superintendence of Colonel Sabine. London: Longmans.

It has for sometime been contemplated to publish a complete edition of Arago's works in English, and we are glad to see such a commencement made at last as must be eminently satisfactory to our scientific public. To this first volume an introduction is contributed by the distinguished Humboldt, who more, perhaps, than any man living is able to give an adequate estimate of Arago's genius; and this volume of "*Meteorological Essays*," including the author's researches on terrestrial magnetism, is edited by Colonel Sabine, justly celebrated for his attainments in the latter branch of science.

Arago devoted himself to scientific pursuit early. Humboldt's acquaintance with him began in 1809. He was then twenty three, and had lately returned from the coast of Africa having been for some time previously a prisoner in a Spanish citadel, at the conclusion of important trigonometrical operations for connecting the Balearic islands with the continent. In the same year, 1809, he was elected a member of the French Academy of Sciences, and for upwards of forty years continued his labors in celestial and terrestrial physics, with a degree of ardor and success rarely paralleled. Humboldt has chronicled his chief labors, but has hardly done justice to that quality of his genius which is sure to meet with peculiar appreciation in this country.

Arago was indefatigable in collecting facts, and in making experiments by which he might multiply observations. His facts, if they did not uniformly precede his theories, yet always formed their support and constituted the groundwork from which he argued. In this respect his practice was the opposite of that tendency of the French mind to overlook facts in its excessive love of system. The fabled reply of the Frenchman to one who urged that facts did not support his theory—"Tant pis pour les faits"—must greatly lose its point after the scrupulous regard paid to facts by Arago throughout his whole career. Apart from his original views, his works would be eminently valuable merely as the best collections of facts extant on the particular subjects on which he wrote. Hence his papers are more than essays—they are scientific histories showing the solid basis on which conclusions rest, and distinguished as much by their copious knowledge—the fruit of years of research and study—as by their profound reflection and luminous and logical reasoning.

Of this peculiarity of Arago's genius all may

easily satisfy themselves who will take this volume in hand. It opens with an elaborate essay on thunder and lightning, in which are collected with astonishing care those great facts connected with thunderstorms which from their marvellous character have been recorded as well as those minor particulars and observations which have been preserved by the care of previous investigators. All these facts are skilfully marshalled under the sections to which they refer, so that the reader rather seems to form conclusions for himself than to have them dictated to him by Arago. This quality of his mind—never to be valued too highly—commonly gave to his deductions the force and exactitude of mathematical demonstration, and preserved him in a very remarkable degree, not only from being led astray by theoretical fancies, or by popular delusions, but from any chance of his judgment being warped by favorite prepossessions.

The physical philosopher, blessed with this truthful disposition—and no man can be eminent as a physicist apart from it—has a great advantage over the moral philosopher, however free he may be from prejudice, and determined to seek truth for its own sake alone. The physicist is surrounded with facts—it is with them he deals, and from them he reasons.—Their significance may sometimes be obscure, but they are to be trusted as far as they go.—His language is always real: it represents actual things which every one can recognize, and hence there can be no dispute as to words. The physical investigator is only in danger when, presuming—as he easily may, and as geologists in our day often have done—too much on *analogy*, he carries his conclusions further than the actual facts will warrant. But from any danger of this kind mathematical minds like that of Arago are effectually preserved by their rigorous adherence to what is known and determined. It is otherwise with the moral or metaphysical philosopher. Dealing with the consciousness which is in itself impalpable, he is liable to error at every step. His language is arbitrary. In reasoning, he cannot force his opponents, or even his readers, to attach that meaning to words which he attaches to them himself. Hence interminable arguments and indefinite conclusions. There can be no dispute as to the meaning of terms used by physicists—as air and water, iron and coal—but who is to determine the meaning which is to be attached to the elemental terms of metaphysicians—as consciousness and mind, thought and will? Metaphysics will never entitle to rank as a science until its professors pay more attention to facts and less to abstract reasoning.

It is true indeed that the theories of physicists often precede those observations and experiments by which they are demonstrated.—

To take a familiar instance, suggested by this volume: Franklin had conjectured rightly the nature of lightning before, with his beautiful experiment of the kite, he drew sparks from the clouds, yet it was nevertheless the observation of facts in the first instance which suggested his theory to him, as it was the observation of facts which led Newton to the discovery of gravitation, and Harvey to the theory of the circulation of the blood. In these and in similar cases genius does, no doubt, take a leap. The highest reasoning and the highest imaginative powers are sometimes allied; and as we find that an excited and fervid audience will anticipate the conclusion of an orator's sentence, and, apprehending his idea before it has found appropriate expression, will drown the conclusion of his period in applause—so a great mind, expanding by facts being revealed to it in a blaze of light, will leap to a conclusion before all the links in the chain of evidence are complete. Such jumps partake of the nature of imagination; but the intellect of great physicists is too calm to repose in these conclusions without greater certainty; and nothing is more remarkable in the history of science than the patience with which the authors of great discoveries have spent years in working them out, and in giving to them a complete demonstration.

But, to judge rightly Arago's genius, it seems to have been wanting in that imaginative faculty which we have endeavored to indicate. His name is not connected with any great original discovery. His was not an order of mind which advanced by leaps, but steadily, link by link. He was, as it seems to us, more remarkable for power of classification and analysis than for faculty of origination.—There may be exceptions to this rule in the course of his long and arduous labors;—we speak of the general character of his genius only, which was better fitted for carrying out and perfecting theories than for suggesting them. The mathematical and reasoning mind is most conspicuous in his works, his inventive power being shown chiefly in the subordinate capacity of devising means to illustrate principles and extend their application. His faculties were often exercised in a purely judicial manner, but at the same time with admirable effect. His report on the case of a girl who it was asserted possessed extraordinary magnetic powers is a good example of his style of dealing with those pretended phenomena which from time to time excite a stir in society.—The Academy named a commission, with M. Arago at its head, to inquire into her case, and the following was his report:—

It was affirmed that Mademoiselle Cottin exercised a very intense, repelling action on bodies of all kinds, the moment they were touched by

any part of her clothes. It was even said that stools were overturned by means of the simple contact of a silk thread.

No appreciable effect of this kind was witnessed by the Commission.

In the accounts communicated to the Academy it is said that under the influence of this young person's arm, a magnetized needle first vibrated rapidly, and then came to rest at a considerable distance from the magnetic meridian.

In the presence of the Commission, a delicately suspended magnetic needle did not experience under these circumstances any displacement, either permanent or momentary.

M. Tanchon thought that Mademoiselle Cottin possessed the faculty of distinguishing the north from the south pole of a magnet, by simply touching the two poles with her fingers.

The Commission assured themselves, by varied and numerous experiments, that this young girl does not possess the supposed faculty of distinguishing the poles of a magnet by the touch.

The Commission will not pursue further the enumeration of failures; its members content themselves with declaring, in conclusion, that the only one of the announced facts which was realized in their presence, was that of the sudden and violent movements in chairs in which the young girl sat. Serious suspicions had arisen as to the manner in which these movements were produced, and the Commission determined to subject them to an attentive examination. The Commissioners announced, without disguise, that their examination would be directed to discover what share certain skilful and concealed manœuvres by the hands and feet might have had in the effect witnessed by them. From this moment it was declared that the young girl had lost her attracting and repelling faculties, and that whenever they should re-appear we should be apprised. Many days have since elapsed, and the Commission has received no such intimation. We know however, that Mademoiselle Angelique Cottin is still daily presented in drawing-rooms, where she repeats her experiments.

We quote this passage not only as an instance of Arago's judicial capacity in scientific matters, but because it suggests a mode in which some of our scientific societies might render themselves extremely useful. It is their part to examine novel phenomena, to determine what is real, to expose imposture, and to dispel popular delusion. But, unfortunately, that body which would be best fitted for the exercise of such functions in England, the Royal Society, has degenerated from its original purpose, and become little better than a corporation for conferring a style which once was honorary as denoting real eminence in science and literature, but which is fast ceasing to be thought so, since it is now to be secured by connection, and purchased by money.

In the essay on thunder and lightning, the general reader will readily recognize the justice of the praise we have given to M

Arago for his diligence in collecting facts.—The following may be new to some of our readers, and will appropriately introduce a few remarkable facts on the effects of lightning:—

Yellow amber, when rubbed strongly, attracts light bodies, such as down or light feathers, straws, and sawdust. Theophrastus among the Greeks, and Pliny among the Romans, had remarked this property, but without appearing to attach to it more importance than they would have done to any mere accident of form or color. They had no idea that they had thus actually touched the first link in a long chain of discoveries. They failed to recognize the importance of an observation from which the moderns have drawn a whole world of facts, as curious by their singular character, as they are important in the results which have been deduced from them.—They have been called electric phenomena, from the word *electron*, by which the Greeks designated amber.

On the attractive power of metals, it is remarked:—

Very numerous examples have proved that persons are never struck by lightning without its attacking more particularly portions of metal worn by them. It may, then, be admitted that the danger of being struck is sensibly increased by metals attached to the person. Every one will be ready to admit this, where the metallic masses are at all considerable; I may mention that on the 21st of July, 1819, lightning fell on the prison of Biberach, in Swabia; and that, in the great hall, amidst twenty prisoners, the one struck was the condemned chief of a band of robbers, who was chained by the waist.

In some instances lightning has entirely consumed metals with which it came in contact:—

The following fact, reported by Constantini in 1749, is still more directly to the purpose.

A lady was putting out her hand to close a window during a thunderstorm; the lightning darted, and the gold bracelet which she wore disappeared altogether, so that no vestige of it was found. She herself received only some very slight hurts.

Without these preliminary remarks, my readers might have been surprised at my introducing here the explanation given by the celebrated traveller Brydone, of an accident which happened to a lady of his acquaintance, Mrs. Douglas.

She was looking out of her window during a thunderstorm, when a flash of lightning reduced her bonnet to ashes, without doing any other injury whatsoever. Mr. Brydone considered that the lightning had been attracted by the thin metallic wire supporting the front of the bonnet.

Some curious cases are mentioned from which it seems probable that men resist the effects of lightning better than horses and dogs:—

On the 12th of April, 1781, Messrs. d'Aussac, de Gantran, and de Lavallongue, were struck by lightning near Castres. The three horses on which those gentlemen rode were killed on the spot. Only one of the riders, M. d'Aussac, perished.

In June 1826, near Worcester, a mare led by a boy was killed by lightning; the boy was unhurt.

In June 1810, Mr. Cowens was in a room with his dog by his side, when lightning entered the room; the dog only was killed, Mr. Cowens barely felt the shock.

On the 11th of July, 1819, as already related, lightning killed nine persons out of the congregation assembled at Divine service in the Church at Chateau-Neuf-les-Moutiers; but it was not added that several dogs which were in the church were all killed without exception. These animals were all found dead in the attitudes in which they were before the stroke.

In one of his eloquent books, Mr. Ruskin has a striking passage on the sublime impression of the Divine Power communicated to the mind of men by storms with comparatively little fatal consequence. This thought may be illustrated by M. Arago's researches. It is astonishing that so little damage should be done considering the amount of electric matter discharged by the clouds during a thunderstorm. By experiments made on the Valentino Palace at Turin, it appears that the roof of this building alone, by means of its various conductors, took from the clouds each hour as much lightning matter as would suffice to kill three thousand persons.

One of the most important chapters in the volume is that on the efficacy of lightning conductors. The remarkable exemption of the Temple at Jerusalem from damage by lightning is curiously explained:—

We do not learn, either from the Bible or from Josephus, that the Temple at Jerusalem was ever struck by lightning during an interval of more than a thousand years—from the time of Solomon to the year 70,—although from its situation it was completely exposed to the very frequent and violent thunderstorms of Palestine.—Remembering the care with which ancient nations recorded strokes of lightning by which any degree of injury was done,—how often, for example, the Roman Annals mention the Capitol and other public buildings being struck by lightning,—it appears natural to infer from this silence, with the Orientalist Michaelis, that the Temple did not receive any severe stroke of lightning in the course of ten centuries. The probability of the justness of this inference is much strengthened by the circumstance that the Temple, being overlaid internally and externally with wood, would certainly have caught fire if struck by a violent thunderbolt.

Supposing the fact to be thus well established, we have next, with Michaelis and Lichtenberg, to seek a cause, and we find a very simple one.

By a fortuitous circumstance the Temple was armed with lightning-conductors quite similar to those which we now employ, and which we owe to Franklin's discovery.

The roof, constructed in what we now call the Italian manner, and covered with boards of cedar having a thick coating of gold, was garnished from end to end with long, pointed, and gilt-iron or steel lances, which Josephus said were intended to prevent birds from resting on the roof and soiling it. The walls also were overlaid throughout their extent with wood thickly gilt. Lastly, there were in the courts of the Temple cisterns into which the rain from the roof was conducted by metallic pipes. We have here both the lightning-rods and a supply of means of conduction so abundant, that Litchenberg is quite right in saying that many of our present apparatuses are far from offering in their construction so satisfactory a combination of circumstances.

The conclusion at which I arrive is, that the long immunity enjoyed by the Temple of Jerusalem presents the most manifest proof of the efficacy of lightning-conductors.

Numerous details are given to show the efficacy of ordinary lightning-conductors in preserving buildings from injury during storms. The conductors should be pointed, as the electric fluid is thus more easily attracted.

The whole phenomena of thunderstorms are so copiously treated by the author, and so fully illustrated by instances, that the essay is not only instructive in a high degree, but extremely amusing. Arago's application of Mr. Wheatstone's ingenious rotatory apparatus for

determining the duration of the electric spark, to show how brief is the duration of a lightning flash, is an example of that adaptative quality of his mind which we have indicated above. The result is shortly stated:—

We shall be keeping far within the conclusion which this experiment would authorize when we content ourselves with saying that the most brilliant and extensive flashes of lightning of the first and second class, even those which appear to embrace the whole extent of the visible horizon have not a duration equal to the thousandth part of a second of time.

For the means by which this result is arrived at, without the possibility of error, we must refer to the volume itself. The ninth chapter—pages 41 to 48—is one of the most lucid and pleasing descriptions of a scientific experiment we ever met with. Mr. Wheatstone has, however, gone much farther, and demonstrated that the electric spark of our machines does not last the millionth part of a second.

Arago's reputation is firmly fixed in England, but his works are, with some exceptions, very little known, though eminently deserving from their copious matter and clear style, of extensive popularity. The series could not have opened with a more attractive volume, nor have we anything but praise to bestow on the style in which it is presented to us. The complete edition of the works of Arago will be a most welcome contribution to our scientific literature.

THE HUNDRED BOSTON ORATORS: appointed by the Municipal Authorities and other Public Bodies, from 1770 to 1852, comprising *Historical Gleanings*. By J. S. Loring. (Boston, Jewett; London, Trübner & Co.)—These speeches, interspersed with biographical sketches, are interesting as examples of American eloquence, and as commentaries on the political and personal history of the Union. The orations, as well as the criticisms, abound in hyperbole. Benjamin Harding, a "carving-knife whetted on a brick-bat," is depicted as a man with "a livid face," a "deformed finger, crooked like an audacious note of interrogation," who spoke so severely that had Job been afflicted with a speech from him "he would have bounced, like a parched pea, from his stabular mound, seized upon the adjacent pitchfork, and scattered death and destruction around him." He accused his antagonist of coming "from a country where the people could see a dollar with the naked eye as far as through a telescope." Hillard's Boston philippic is said to have contained "passages of the highest eloquence, couched in language of a Tyrian dye." David Henshaw was "a Hercules in intellect and

a democrat in principle." Rufus Choate, famous for always driving "a substantive and six," is reported when he "rolled up those tremendous climaxes, raised his commanding form upon his toes, came down upon his heels like two pavier's rammers, and shook the whole firmament of the Common Council chamber like an earthquake." "If the magnetic telegraph were affixed to his lips the words would leap upon the wires." His mind "is as rapid as consists with sanity." His autograph "resembles the map of Ohio." By a still bolder rhetorician we are told of "a roar of laughter which, like a *feu-de-joie*, would run down the course of ages," by another, of a man "the motion of whose pyrotechnic mind was as the whizz of a hundred rockets." Specimens like these do not, of course, represent the qualities of American oratory; but they are fair illustrations of its faults. Its excellencies are many and striking; but before a speaker rises into eloquence he must forget the use of this turgid language, which contrasted with it, is like the froth in a pot compared with the foam of the ocean.—*Athenæum*.

From The Athenæum.

The Benefit of Christ's Death, probably written by Aonio Paleario. Reprinted in Fac-simile from the Italian Edition of 1543; together with a French Translation printed in 1551, from Copies in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge. To which is added, an English Version made in 1548, by Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. Now first edited from a MS. preserved in the Library of the University of Cambridge, with an Introduction, by Churchill Babington, B.D. Cambridge, Deighton & Co; London, Bell & Daldy.

A good supplementary chapter has yet to be added to the "Curiosities of Literature;"—one that shall contrast the sentiments in anonymous and posthumous works with the practice of their authors. Examples would abound, from writers of very early times down to those of a very recent period. Of all anonymous publications, however, probably none in its day created so wide and startling a sensation as the one published in Italy more than three centuries ago, and entitled "The Benefit of Christ's Death." It was widely circulated and eagerly read. But a book, the conclusions of which were like those of Luther, that men were saved by faith and an imputed righteousness, and that works were the mere evidences of faith, very speedily attracted the attention of the authorities. In an incredible short space of time thousands of copies were destroyed. The Italian version entirely disappeared; and Mr. Macaulay, in his review of Ranke's "History of the Popes," declared that not only had there been, in Italy, an effectual suppression of religious works, which were once to be found in every house, but that this one book in particular, "Of the Benefit of the Death of Christ," written in Tuscan, often reprinted, and eagerly read in every part of Italy, having been found by the Inquisitors to contain the Lutheran doctrine of Justification by Faith alone, had been proscribed—and, he adds, "it is now as hopelessly lost as the Second Decade of Livy." Mr. Macaulay wrote thus in 1840, at which time there had been an Italian copy of the supposed lost work in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, for nearly a hundred years. It had been presented by Dr. Ferrari, "a tutor in the family of the Earl of Leicester." There was one other copy extant, in the possession of Herr Kopitar, the late Imperial librarian at Vienna. It is now in the library at Laybach.

This remarkable treatise has been translated into many languages. Perhaps the most able of the English translations is that by Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, himself a remarkable man. It was the fact of an Italian treatise advocating the doctrine of Justification by Faith written by a Siennese Catholic of great learning, and translated by such a man as Courtenay, that reminded us of the work composed by Leibnitz: from none of these individuals were such productions by any means to be expected. To speak first of Courtenay. He was that victim of Henry the Eighth's enmity to his murdered father, who was kept prisoner in the Tower from his twelfth to his twenty-sixth year. He was unpolished in

manners when Mary released him; but he can hardly have been the coarse profligate which some describe him to have been, for he taught himself Italian during his captivity; and when in bonds, in the year 1548, the second year of the reign of Edward the Sixth, he translated this work "into our vulgare tongue,"—as he says in his touching and manly dedication to the Duchess of Somerset, wife of the Protector. The language and sentiments are not those of the low ruffian which Miss Strickland—with her usual carelessness and ignorance—describes him. Nor were his pursuits those of a ruffian and a debauchee.—Strype portrays him as "very studious and well-learned. He understood mathematics well, he could paint excellently, he played absolutely well on musical instruments, he spake Spanish, French, and Italian accurately, and which was the crown of all, he was a man of great piety, and placed the chief good in virtue." He was indeed more of the scholar than the soldier; and rather ingloriously ran away from "the battle of Charing Cross," whither he was sent to oppose the advance of Wyatt. Whether he wished for Wyatt's success, that he might marry Elizabeth, since he had no chance to marry Mary, is a doubtful question,—rendered the more doubtful by Wyatt's confessions and retractions. The permission to travel, given to him by Mary, was an honorable banishment; and he was welcomed at every Court, till death suddenly "cropped him off at Padua." He died, not without suspicion of poison,—as was natural; for there was not likely to be safety in Italy for a Catholic nobleman who was said to have been affianced to such an unsatisfactory Catholic as the Princess Elizabeth, and who had translated an essay which was pronounced to be highly anti-Catholic in sentiment. The full details of the death of this the twelfth and last Earl of Devonshire—of his family—are still wanting to historical literature. It is Courtenay's translation of the Italian version that is given in this volume; and it has the merit of being rendered from the original, whereas the English translation of 1573, republished eight years since, was made from a French copy.

The literary life of the supposed author is soon told. Antonio della Paglia, or Aonio Paleario, was born, about the year 1500, at Veroli, in the Campagna of Rome. He became eminent, both as a cleric and scholar, and enjoyed congenial intercourse with men as learned and eminent as himself. In 1534, he removed from Rome to Sienna, "where he was made public teacher of Greek and Latin, and lecturer on philosophy and belles lettres." His published epistolary correspondence was extensive, but his merit was far above that of a clever letter-writer. Vossius described his Lucretian poem on "The Immortality of the Soul" as "a divine and immortal composition," and Morhoff pronounced his prose Latin to be equal to anything in Cicero. It must have been during his residence at Sienna that he secretly wrote and anonymously published his treatise on the benefits of Christ's death.—At the close of the year 1542, having fallen into disgrace and danger because of his well-known leaning towards the principles of the Reformation, he delivered an oration before the senators

of Sienna in his own defence. In this speech he refers, in majestic Latin, to a little book in the Tuscan tongue, in which he had explained the benefits derivable from Christ's death, and for which he had been held as worthy of death.—He nobly adds, that it is not the time for a Christian to die in his bed. "It is a little matter," he says, "to be accused, to be cast into prison, to be scourged, to be hung from a rope, to be sewn up in a sack, or to be flung to wild beasts. It becomes us to undergo these punishments and to suffer in flames at the stake, if by such means the truth can be brought to light."—For the details which serve to prove that Paleario was the author of the treatise, and that Cardinal Pole may probably have had a hand in it, we must refer our readers to the elaborate and interesting Introduction to this volume. By whomsoever written, it was most infelicitously answered by orthodox clerics, who labored to prove that Heaven was justly due to men for their good works. Paleario was banished from Sienna, but he found refuge and employment during ten years at Lucca, where he filled the office of public orator to the senate. Subsequently we find him professor of elocution at Milan, where he was, however, again overtaken by hot persecution. He sought to escape from this, by flight to Bologna, in 1561, but the heavy hand of Pius the Fifth fell upon him, and after an imprisonment of three years, that Pontiff sent the greatest ornament of the Reformed cause in Italy to the gibbet. One of the four grounds of Paleario's condemnation to the ignominious death was thus stated:—"Videatur attribucere justificationem soli fidei in divinâ misericordiâ remittente peccata per Christum."—"He seemed to attribute justification to reliance alone on the remission of sins, by divine mercy, through Christ." The same doctrine had been held by Hilary, St. Augustine, and St. Bernard; seven of the most eminent of the theologians at the Council of Trent had also declared that faith alone was the basis of justification, ascribing the latter to the merits of Christ; and many a living Cardinal, like Contarini, also believed in this Lutheran doctrine, but they had not published their belief, or sought to bring others over to it, as Paleario had done: and for doing which he encountered the death, which he feared not at all if thereby truth might live.

They who love Italian literature will find pleasure in perusing this treatise in the original, simply as a literary luxury. Apart from what it teaches, there is music in the sound of its teaching,—if such a phrase be admissible. The French translation is somewhat harsh; but Edward Courtenay's English version, with its modernized orthography, rings like true Saxon, and each successive phrase falls pleasantly on the ear. With every opinion advanced it is not to be supposed that all readers will agree. If the treatise is strongly Lutheran on the article of faith, it is as profoundly Calvinistic on the subject of predestination; on which point the author is far less happy than when treating of faith and works. But it is not our mission to enter upon controversy; and we will conclude by expressing our hearty approval of the zeal

and ability with which Mr. Babington has performed his editorial office. Let us add our hope that, as an original work has been discovered which Mr. Macaulay pronounced to be as irrecoverable as the lost Decade of Livy, the like good fortune may happen to the missing historical fragment of the illustrious son of Patavium. There may be something in the old tradition that the long-desired manuscript of the credulous historian lies among dusty records in a mosque in old Fez.

A General Survey of the History of the Canon of the New Testament during the first four Centuries. By Brooke Foss Westcott, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE object of Mr. Westcott's *General Survey* is not merely to establish the authenticity of the Canon, or received books of the New Testament, by quotations in the Fathers and other writers up to a period when no one will dispute that the New Testament was authoritatively received by Christians, but to show its influence upon the character and ideas of the Fathers themselves, as well as upon the doctrine and opinions of Christians and Heretics, so far as materials exist for the Exhibition. The establishment of the authenticity of the Canon by quotations from Christian writers has been done so clearly by Paley's condensation of Lardner in the *Evidences*, that little remained to be accomplished on that question. To deduce the Christian and ecclesiastical character of each Father from his writings, and to show the influence that the New Testament exercised upon the Christianity of the age, is a newer field, and from the nature of the case more difficult of treatment. There is little doubt respecting a quotation from Scripture, or the sense in which the writer uses it. These facts being established, there is no doubt that the book quoted by a Father was in existence when he wrote, and that in the writer's mind the book was of religious authority. The cumulative evidence derived from successive quotations by successive writers in successive ages has a striking, curious, logical kind of interest, and was prevented from becoming tedious by the extraordinary art and power of Paley. To deduce the character of a man or the opinions of the age from the general tenor of a book, does not admit of such positive conclusion, and is a more difficult task; while the effect upon the reader is different, because he has mainly opinions instead of facts. This peculiarity is inevitable; and if Mr. Westcott is somewhat fuller and more inclined to discussion than might be desirable for literary effect, the secondary object of the writer must be considered, which is to trace the growth of the Catholic Church, and to establish its connection with the authenticity of the canon of the New Testament. The execution, though wanting in the force or brilliancy to which we have been of late accustomed in historical disquisition, exhibits a familiar acquaintance with the literature of the subject, and a perception of the circumstances by which the early Christians were surrounded and influenced.—*Spectator*.

PART XL.—BOOK III.

CHAPTER XVII.—WANDERINGS.

BUT Sylvo's place, which was very well for a visit of two or three weeks, did not retain its attractions for a longer residence, and there was no telling when the unhappy house at Twickenham might be habitable. Mr. and Mrs. Cumberland were people happily independent of fashion; it mattered very little to them that the "season" was ending, and people rushing everywhere out of London. Mrs. Cumberland was suddenly seized with a desire to spend a few weeks in town; and Mary—albeit Mary was by no means so indifferent to fashion as her mother was—eagerly seconded the proposal. It was in vain that Sylvo, somewhat discomfited, echoed Mr. Mansfield's protest that there was "nobody" in town. "There are a great many charming people, my dear Sylvo," said Mrs. Cumberland. "I am thankful to say my friends are not of an exclusive caste; I can find some one worth visiting in London all the year round."

"London in August! I admire your taste, I am sure, Maria Anna," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. But even these dreadful sarcasms of Mrs. Burtonshaw did not deter her sister. Sylvo had found no opportunity of giving Zaidee that other chance. He thought it might be as prudent to leave her time to contrast this place of his, and all the delights and honors of which its mistress would have full possession, with "some shabby house in London," where his own graceful attentions would be wanting. One of Mrs. Cumberland's friends who was on the wing for her place in the country, willingly handed over her house to Mrs. Cumberland. If not a shabby house, it was rather a faded one, with little rooms, and no remarkable advantages of position, so far as these rustic people could judge. Mrs. Burtonshaw was seized with shortness of breath the very first day of their entry into it; she thanked Providence she was not obliged to live in rooms of such proportions. "Very different from Sylvo's place, my dear," said Mrs. Burtonshaw; "you are pale already, Elizabeth, my sweet love! Maria Anna ought to have more thought for you."

And it was very true that Zaidee was pale, and that the mother of Sylvo was more and more impressed with the attachment to her son, which was so apparent. Mary's soft cheek, too, owned a flutter of variable color, but this Mrs. Burtonshaw did not notice. The good lady audibly wondered whether Mr. Vivian, or that pretty sweet Mrs. Bernard Morton, would still be in town; but Mrs. Burtonshaw was not quite aware how important a question this was to both her young companions, or how often their thoughts made the same inquiry. But when they had been a week or two in London, it grew sufficiently evident that Mr. Percy Vivian was not in town. Several of Mrs. Cumberland's "charming" acquaintances, who were of the circle of Percy's worshippers, reported that he had gone home to Cheshire; and that Mrs. Morton, though still detained by her husband's parliamentary duties, was also preparing to go—"everybody," in-

deed, was in the flutter of departure; even the good people who could only afford a fortnight's holiday, and who were innocent of fashion, closed up their windows and "went out of town." The sunshine burned upon the London streets, upon the hosts of people who have no holiday, and pleasure-seekers from the country, innocently unaware that "all the world" had forsaken the busy Babylon. Mrs. Cumberland almost repented of her visit to London; and Mary, who was not above the horror of being unfashionable, began to urge retreat again with much perseverance. They drove down to Twickenham only to find Mr. Cumberland peering over his spectacles with his curious eyes at the mass of indiscriminate rubbish which encumbered the lawn, and attaching turrets and pinnacles and rounding corners at his own sweet will, fearless of criticism. Already, if the steamboat passengers up and down the Thames were not the happier for Mr. Cumberland's improvements, they were the more amused; and it was even said that Mr. Shenkin Powis had undertaken a voyage as far as Hampton Court, to survey with horror the extremely original specimen of domestic architecture which the philosopher was elaborating out of his comfortable square box. The holiday people on the river no longer passed this pretty corner with silent envy. There was always a crowd of gazers turning their attention to this grand effort of Mr. Cumberland for the Commonweal. The acacia on the lawn, being of a fastidious nature, had begun to droop and sicken in spite of the rude wooden railings put up to protect it, and shed its foliage in yellow flakes, no longer upon the beautiful head of Zaidee Vivian, or the clustering curls of Mary Cumberland, but upon the paper caps of plasterers, and carpenters, and sandy masonic locks. "We are getting on," said Mr. Cumberland, rubbing his hands with glee as the ladies of his family stood by in horror-stricken silence—"already making progress, sister Burtonshaw. Before the winter frosts set in, you shall see a very different-looking building, I assure you, from the thing you left. This crocket is from York, and the work of this oriel window copied from a beautiful example in Nuremberg. I do not reject authority—far be it from me to dispute the wisdom of the past—but I retain my own ideas notwithstanding, sister Elizabeth. But for my oversight and care, it would be impossible to harmonize the whole; and I expect the science of domestic architecture to date this building as the first in a new period. The building of the age shall be harmonized, sister Burtonshaw; a character of benevolent forethought shall be added to the conscientious morality of Mr. Shenkin Powis: there is not an addition here which does not represent, really or symbolically, the celestial attribute of benevolence; but I have no time to enter into detail. No, by no means, I do not wish you to come home; women are always in the way of improvements; and I am glad to tell you that I am perfectly satisfied with the way we are going on."

The visitors got into their carriage, and drove away in respectful silence. Mrs. Burtonshaw, panting for words in which to express her admiration of Mr. Cumberland's proceedings, could

and none sufficiently terse and expressive; and Mrs. Cumberland contented herself with a sigh of relief when they emerged from the dust with which this benevolent architecture filled the atmosphere. They were quite cast out of their home, these unfortunate ladies. However benevolent the porch might be when completed, it threw most inhospitable obstacles in the mean time across the familiar threshold, and access by door or window was equally denied to them. When they reached their faded drawing-room, and looked out upon the closed shutters of this extremely fashionable and dingy little street, Mrs. Burtonshaw thought it the best possible opportunity for urging a return to Sylvio's place.

"You will go back to Essex now, of course, Maria Anna, said Mrs. Burtonshaw; you will not shut up these dear children here, to pine away and lose their health again. Keep up your spirits, Elizabeth, my love—we shall soon return again—for I am sure you looked quite a different creature in Sylvio's place."

"But I cannot think of returning to Sylvio's place," said Mrs. Cumberland from her sofa. "My dear Elizabeth, you are very kind, but we will take advantage of our opportunity, and have a change of scene. I have been thinking—we will not go to the coast, nor to Scotland, nor any place we have been before—we will go into the beautiful heart of England, my dear children. When your Aunt Burtonshaw and I were young, we were there once many years ago; we will go to Malvern—we will quite enjoy ourselves being alone. My dear Elizabeth, I trust you have no objection; we shall be quite hermits, and enjoy that beautiful hill."

If Mrs. Burtonshaw had objections, it did not seem that they were particularly important. Mary being in the state of mind to which change of one sort or another was indispensable, eagerly lent her assistance, and within a few days the little party set out once more. "We know no one there—we will be quite alone, Lizzy," said Mary, with a sigh. Perhaps Miss Cumberland did not appreciate as her mother did the romantic delights of solitude, but Mary was eager to set out from this desolate London, echoing with emphasis the universal declaration that "no one was in town." An express North-western train might have made London populous in a very few hours for Mary, but "nobody" was in it now.

"My dear love, we will not stay long—we will soon come back to Sylvio's place," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, patting the beautiful head of Zaidée. Mrs. Burtonshaw thought it was very cruel of Maria Anna to shut her eyes to the dear child's feelings so wantonly. What did any one care for Malvern? and it was easy to see how deeply interested this poor dear was in Sylvio's place.

But Zaidée bore with wonderful fortitude the journey which carried her farther and farther away from Sylvio. Zaidée's fresh young spirit, and eyes shining with life and interest, traced all these inland roads with pleasure. The apple trees on the pathway clustered with their russet fruit, and the pollard willows bristling over every little stream—the great Vale of Severn with its churches and towns, and that odd miniature moorland which has lost its way so strangely,

and settled itself in the wide flat of this level country, where there is not another mound to break the horizon—were matters more interesting to Zaidée than to any of her companions. Mrs. Cumberland was languid, and reclined in a corner of the carriage. Mrs. Burtonshaw was interested, but depreciatory, making a perpetual comparison between Sylvio's place and this unfamiliar country. Mary was wandering in her own thoughts, and noticed external matters only by fits and starts; and no one knew how Zaidée's eyes brightened at the sight of gorse and heather, and how friendly looked these grassy heights of Malvern to one who had not seen for eight long years the rugged elevation of Briarford Hill.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MALVERN.

"Are we growing old, Elizabeth? We are not girls as we used to be," said Mary Cumberland. "Do you remember when we sat in that great room at Ulm, where mamma tried to make us think, and we would not, but quite made up for it when we were by ourselves? Do you remember all the sewing we used to do, and all our speculations? When Aunt Burtonshaw praised us for the one, she never dreamt of the other, Lizzy; but we never speculate now."

"No," said Zaidée. She was plucking up the short hill-side grass unwittingly with her hands, and thinking her own private thoughts.

"I suppose we were only looking at life then, and now we are in it," said Mary musingly. "Nothing concerned us very much, and we could wonder at everything. Life is a strange thing, Lizzy—what is the good of all these humdrum quiet days, do you think? We never do any thing—were we made for any use, do you suppose? Elizabeth! why can you not answer me?"

For Mary was as much given at ever to a comparison of ideas, and as curious to know her companion's opinion; while Zaidée, for her part, was not very much more disposed to "rational answers" than before.

"I think God made the days," said Zaidée, "and he must see some use in them. We have to live our lives out, however long they may be. Do people sometimes wish for long life, Mary? If it was fifty years, or sixty years, what a dreary length of way!"

"Now, that is just in your old strain," said Mary Cumberland. "Why should it be a dreary length of way? I have no regard for churchyards and tombstones, for my part; I am not in a hurry to live my life out,—one may be a little dull now and then, and wonder what is the good of one's self, without such dismal thoughts as these."

Zaidée made no answer. They were seated upon the hill of Malvern, with some gray slopes towering above them, yet, at a considerable altitude; as far as they could see on every side, a vast level of cultivated country stretched into the skies,—low down at their feet lay the houses of the little town, the gray towers of the abbey, and the setting of rich orchards in which these habitations were enclosed,—while striking up from

the fertile flat were little far-off cities, sparkling with spires and gilded weathercocks, small ancient dignified cathedral towns,—and a faint line far away, of broken banks over-lapping each other, with a thin silver thread here and there shining out between, gave note of the Severn, treeless and laborless, pursuing his path to the sea. The multitude of roads mapping this strange, wide landscape in every direction—the morsels of village glistening in a chance ray of sunshine, and churches which in fancy you could lift in your hand, so dwarfed are they by the long distance,—give a strange attraction to the scene. Of itself it is not a beautiful scene, and a dull sky sweeps down upon it, blending its unfeatured breadths with the clouds of the horizon; but the air, which has travelled many a mile since last it encountered any eminence, comes fresh and full upon this hill-side; and the eye, which is never satisfied with seeing, takes in with a peculiar gratification this singular extent of space presented to it, and revels in the world of air and cloud upon that vast uninterrupted sky.

"See, there is a bold road striking out by itself across all that wilderness of fields," said Mary. "What strange abrupt turns it takes; but it is not even crossed by another, so far as I can see: that is a man's road, Lizzy,—for my part, I do not like travelling alone."

"It is not quite alone," said Zaidée, speaking low. "There is a little footpath behind the hedge, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other: some one might walk perpetually under the hedgerow side by side with the traveller on the high-road, and he would never know."

"Well, I cannot say that makes it much more comfortable," said Mary, laughing. "You are mysterious to-day, Elizabeth. I do not like your secret people who travel under hedgerows. I like daylight and the broad highway for my own share. You like this place, do you not? I suppose I do; I don't want any one to talk to me; I want to think, Lizzy. How far away you can look, straining your beautiful eyes, Mr. Vivian would say. What a weary length these days are for August days. Heigh ho!"

But Zaidée was so little disposed to interrupt Mary's thoughts by talking, that it was Mary herself who broke the silence first. Mary was in a strange mood of restless idleness; she was perpetually changing her position, as she half sat and half reclined upon this bank of luxuriant greensward; laughter that was rounded with a sigh, and sighing which incontinently burst into laughter, were the signs and symbols of Mary's state of mind. She was greatly in want of some little piece of excitement; her mind had a great deal too much scope, wandering back and forward in a restless haste, speculating on the future and on the past. Mary, half emerged from her first enchanted maze, was full of a restless disquietude; her whole life beyond seemed hanging upon some uncertain decision—a nervous, anxious, troublesome uncertainty—a decision which she would be ashamed to expedite by any measures of her own. Mary was not a little ashamed of herself for the length her thoughts had gone already, and scornfully scouted the idea that "any man" held her fate in his hands.

Nevertheless, she had been an extremely imprudent guardian of her own happiness. Mr. Percy Vivian, perhaps, might be quite unaware of this rich gift lavished on him; perhaps he was aware, and did not appreciate the possession: but whatever Mr. Percy Vivian's sentiments might be, there was no longer any safeguard for Mary; her good sense, as Aunt Burtonshaw predicted, had been no defence to her; she had thrown away her heart.

"I think you are very innocent, Lizzy," said Mary, suddenly starting from an apparent contemplation of the landscape before her, of which landscape, in reality, she saw nothing. "You never understand at all, nor seek to understand, what all Aunt Burtonshaw's hints and double meanings are full of. There, now, you look quite incredulous. Is it my fault if your thoughts are always at the end of the world? Who can you have to think of, Elizabeth? I suppose you never found out that Aunt Burtonshaw had double meanings at all!"

"No, indeed. I always understand Aunt Burtonshaw perfectly," said Zaidée, with a smile.

"Which means, that you are perfectly unconscious of all her endeavors," said Mary. "Aunt Burtonshaw thinks—I really ought not to tell you—Aunt Burtonshaw believes you are very much interested in Sylvio, Elizabeth."

"Very much interested! I will not answer for the 'very much,'" said Zaidée; "but, indeed, I do think of Sylvio, Mary; only Sylvio will find some one better for him than you."

"You are a simpleton, and I will not enlighten you," said Mary. "What do you think of Mrs. Morton?" she asked abruptly, after a pause. Mary, but for very shame, would have been so glad to unbosom herself, and make a confidant of her friend—would have been so much relieved, indeed, if Zaidée had taken the initiative, and pressed into her confidence; but Zaidée was quite as shy of the subject as Mary was, though she was sufficiently clear-sighted to see how matters stood. Zaidée faltered a good deal. What did she think of Mrs. Morton—what did she think of Elizabeth Vivian, her cousin, the beautiful Elizabeth of the Grange? Zaidée felt herself change color painfully—she scarcely knew what to say.

"I heard Mr. Vivian say there was no woman like his sister; he ought to know best," said Zaidée.

It was an unfortunate speech in every way; unfortunate in its hesitation and faltering tone—unfortunate in quoting Mr. Vivian—and, lastly, in the opinion it conveyed. Mary Cumberland did not choose that Percy should think his sister the first of womankind. She did not at all appreciate such an extent of fraternal affection; and Mary was piqued at the idea that any one knew better than she did what Percy's opinion was.

"I asked what you thought yourself, not what Mr. Percy Vivian thought," said Mary. "One does not care for having Mr. Percy Vivian's opinions at secondhand. He is a very great author, perhaps; but I would not quote him so often if I were you, Elizabeth."

When Zaidée raised her eyes in astonishment,

she saw Mary, very red, and with a disturbed and troubled face, gazing down the hilly path, while she plucked the grass by handfuls. Some one was toiling upward, looking about him anxiously, sometimes pausing to survey the wide landscape behind him, sometimes turning aside to gather a wildflower, but always on the alert, as if looking for some one on the hill. As his figure advanced, Mary Cumberland's face varied like a changing sky; as it drew near and nearer, she rose to her feet with irrepressible excitement. Zaidée looked at her pretty form, relieved against the dark background of the hill, and at the stranger advancing hastily, before she herself rose, and then with an instinctive impulse of reserve, to control and subdue her friend. Zaidée took Mary's hand with an involuntary grasp of caution, which Mary returned vehemently, and then the pretty fingers unclasped, and these two stood distinctly visible, waiting to greet Mr. Percy Vivian as he appeared out of breath behind an angle of the path. In the moment's interval, Mary's good sense and Mary's pride had come to her rescue triumphantly. Percy thought the beautiful sister gave him the warmest welcome, and was much concerned to see Mary so reserved and stately; the young gentleman was extremely assiduous—extremely devoted; he fancied he had been losing time.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE BEGINNING OF DANGER.

"So you found the young ladies, Mr. Vivian," said Mrs. Cumberland. "Dear children! they love nature. I was convinced they were on the hill. I tell them we have nearly as good a prospect from this window; but they are young, and have more enterprise than I have. Is it not a delightful surprise, my dear Mary, to see Mr. Vivian here?"

"We were much astonished," says Mary in an under-tone. Mr. Vivian, who has looked up to catch her answer, though people say he has a great knowledge of character, and though this constraint is the very thing with which he would endow his heroine in a novel, to evidence the state of her feelings in presence of her lover, has so totally lost his penetration that he is quite disappointed. "It was no pleasure to her, then," muses Percy; "only a surprise."

"For my part, I thought Mr. Vivian had come to tell us of some great misfortune," said Mrs. Burtonshaw—"that the house had come down, or that Mr. Cumberland had had a fall, or some accident; nothing else was to be looked for, I am sure."

There has been no accident; Mr. Cumberland was in excellent spirits," said Percy, "and feels that he is making progress. The porch, I assure you, would accommodate a couple of poor families already, Mrs. Burtonshaw; and when Mr. Cumberland has his heating apparatus in order, I have no doubt it will be greatly patronized in the cold weather. If you were nearer town, a benevolent institution like this might be subject to abuse, Mrs. Cumberland. I am afraid a colony of London boys in immediate possession would not quite carry out your charitable views."

"Charitable views!" echoed Mrs. Burtonshaw; "what sort of views will we have from our windows when we get back to our poor, pretty, unfortunate house at Twickenham—if, indeed, there are any windows left! The little wretches will play at marbles and all sorts of games; it will not matter to them if the Queen should come to call. Mr. Cumberland has all his own way, Mr. Vivian. Maria Anna will give in to him, and I cannot describe to you the trouble I have. Do not speak to me, Maria Anna! I have no patience with it; and it will be all the same, of course, whosoever comes to call."

"I had an interview with Mr. Cumberland on the lawn, over a heap of mortar," said Percy, while Mrs. Burtonshaw groaned aloud, "and heard from him you were at Malvern. I had business in this quarter. No lack of views here, Mrs. Burtonshaw, though they are not charitable ones. This place reminds me a little, I scarcely can tell why, of my own home."

"That delightful Grange which you described to us once?" said Mrs. Cumberland from her sofa; "and of course I recognized it again in your last charming book. When are you going to favor us with another, Mr. Vivian? But first tell me how this reminds you of your own ancient romantic home."

"I suppose because it is perfectly unlike," said Percy, with a little laugh. "There is no Grange on the hill of Malvern; but we stand upon a lesser eminence at home, and look out from our height upon a flat expanse, which this is just sufficient to recall to me. Our low country is not a cultivated plain, or a Vale of Severn; it is only a bleak stretch of Cheshire fields, a low sandy coast, and sullen sea. There are a multitude of roads, Mrs. Burtonshaw, all leading to the Grange, as you would suppose, and never a wayfarer on one of them; and we have a fierce little hill for our henchman, bristling with gorse, and armed with broken rocks, and undergo a perpetual siege and cannonade from all the winds. There are only inland gales at Malvern, but our visitors come fresh from the sea."

"It is very strange; that is like the place Elizabeth used to tell me of," said Mary.

And Mary, looking up, found Zaidée's eyes fixed upon her with such a trembling eagerness of entreaty, that her idea of resemblance between the two descriptions was quickened into instant certainty. She returned this beseeching look with a glance of the extremest surprise. Her curiosity was suddenly roused. What did it mean? When Mary's look left Zaidée, she met Mr. Vivian's; and Mr. Vivian had been watching this interchange of glances, and looked at her, earnestly repeating the question. Mary was quite perplexed; she could only look at Zaidée again.

"Perhaps Miss Elizabeth Cumberland has been in Cheshire," said Percy. Percy was very curious; but he always was, Mary remembered with wonder, in everything that concerned Elizabeth.

"No—no," said Zaidée hurriedly. She withdrew back out of the light of the window, and grew very pale. She dared not lift her eyes again, but sat trembling and in terror. Never had she been so near betrayed; and her ears tingled, al-

most expecting to hear the cry of "Zaidee! Zaidée!" with which Percy could throw her disguise to the winds.

For Zaidée did not think that Percy Vivian held her without a doubt for the daughter of this fantastic, kind Mrs. Cumberland, reclining on her sofa—the sister of Mary, the niece of Aunt Burtonshaw. Percy could not account for his own interest in her, nor for sundry little occurrences which startled him with a vague wonder and suspicion. He never dreamed that she was Zaidée; he had not even connected her with the lost child; he had only a vague, floating curiosity about her, which he himself had no right to have, and did not understand.

Zaidée dared not withdraw to her own apartment to subdue her agitation. She must sit still to watch the conversation, to hear what they said, to guard her secret at all hazards. She scarcely knew how the day went on as she sat among them, watching them with this intense and steady vigilance: she made no sense of the buzz of words which rung in her ears. She only knew that her secret was not threatened, nor her possible knowledge of the Grange discussed again. There were a great many other subjects of interest to the other members of the party. There was one most absorbing topic in the minds of two of them, which, like Zaidée's secret anxiety, did not bear talking of; and beyond the surprise of the moment, Zaidée's brief and hurried answer was not remarked by her companions. She kept with the little company obstinately in her great anxiety. When Mary and Percy spoke aside for an instant, Zaidée was thrown into a secret agony; and when the evening came, and Mr. Vivian followed Miss Cumberland into the garden in the twilight to listen to the nightingales, Zaidée sat unseen by the window watching them, as they wandered through the trees. Her overpowering terror made her forget for the moment that they had other things to talk of than her secret—this secret which neither of them could have suspected till to-night, and which both had forgotten before now.

"These two young creatures, they are quite happy; they forget how cold the night air has grown," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, coming behind the chair where Zaidée sat alone looking out into the dewy darkness of the garden. "My dear love, you are sighing; you are all by yourself, while Mary is away. Ah! it is all very well to speak of business in this quarter. I suppose Mr. Vivian is attending to his business among the trees yonder. These young men are such hypocrites, Elizabeth. I should be glad to see what lawful errand Mr. Vivian had here."

Relieved by remembering that there was no fear of her secret coming into discussion between two people who were busy with themselves, Zaidée bethought her of the disappointment of Sylvio's anxious mother.

"I am afraid, indeed, Mary likes Mr. Vivian, Aunt Burtonshaw," said Zaidée. "I should be very glad, if it were not for you."

"You are a dear, unselfish child," said Mrs. Burtonshaw, stooping to bestow a kiss on Zaidée's brow, "and you need not be sorry for me, my darling. I have quite made up my mind to lose Mary. I have other views for Sylvio now."

"I am very glad, then. I think Mary will be happy," said Zaidée musingly. "Percy would not grieve any one; no, I am sure of that."

"Did you say Sylvio would not grieve? I do not think he will, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. "You do not ask me what my views are for Sylvio, now, Elizabeth; but you are quite right, my dear child. I will not say anything of them; I will leave it all to Sylvio himself."

"Yes, Aunt Burtonshaw," said Zaidée. Sylvio was not farther from the scene in person than he was in imagination from Zaidée's thoughts—she was thinking of Mary and Percy, in charmed twilight, with the sweet dew falling on their young heads, and the air full of the singing of nightingales. She was lingering for a moment in her maiden meditations upon that oldest and newest subject of romance—that universal love tale which somebody is always telling—that unknown witchcraft to which her own heart had never been tempted. Beguiled out of her mere personal agitation, Zaidée's heart beat with a wondering sympathy; with a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye, she watched for Mary coming home out of the realm of fairyland, out of the enchanted twilight, to the lights and common life of this dusky room. Zaidée's own eyes were dazzled by these lights, and with a pensive, wistful sweetness, through the tears that made them brighter, those beautiful eyes turned back again to the falling night. With a little visionary sadness, her thoughts too returned again to herself: all by herself, alone and solitary, this turning-point of youthful history must never come to Zaidée; she must never wish, nay, more than that, she must so guard her daily living that no affection shall be drawn towards her. No one must love Zaidée, if Zaidée can help it, except those kind friends who shelter her and the innocent hearts of little children. She must do no more harm, and it is strange to see her bemoaning her beautiful face in the darkness, praying never to be tempted, praying to be left in her solitude, to harm no one any more.

CHAPTER XX.—MARY'S FATE.

Zaidée had gone to her own apartment thoughtful and somewhat anxious. Her mind, which had begun to recover its composure, was stirred to its depths once more, and her thoughts were full of a longing and wistful inquiry about Mary, who had been very silent and strangely reserved through all that evening. Sitting in the shadow where Zaidée could not see her face, answering in monosyllables, and in a voice so low and shy that even Aunt Burtonshaw was astonished. Mary had given no indication of Mr. Vivian's business, nor of how it sped. As Zaidée went about her own chamber, preparing for rest, her ear was caught once or twice by a faint rustling in the passage outside. She turned to listen with quick curiosity, and in time to see Mary softly open the door and look in, with a momentary investigation. "I thought you had lain down by this time," said Mary. "I have been waiting till you were quiet, and the light out. Why don't you go to bed, Elizabeth? Young people should not sit up so late at night—there, let me put out the light."

Before Zaidée could remonstrate, the little

light was extinguished, and in the faint radiance of the moon, Zaidée saw her friend drawing near her with a shy yet hasty step. "Sit down, Lizzy; I have a great deal to say to you," said her visitor, and Mary herself drew a stool to Zaidée's feet, and threw herself down beside her half-kneeling, embracing her companion's waist, and leaning on her knee. But though this satisfactory attitude was assumed, the great deal that Mary had to say remained still unsaid. She leaned her soft cheek on Zaidée's hand, and Zaidée knew instinctively that it was warm with blushes of pride, and shame, and pleasure: she played with Zaidée's fingers, folding them over her lips; she held Zaidée's waist more closely with her arm; but Mary was quite content to lean here, as it seemed, and forget that she had anything to say.

"Mary, tell me," said Zaidée—Zaidée's own heart beat high with sympathy. Zaidée, though she was quite new to it, and had never been much a confidant before, had an instinctive perception of the tale which Mary came to tell.

"My mother never taught me to go to her; I cannot tell Aunt Burtonshaw. I never have had any one but you, Elizabeth, that knew all my heart!"

This was the beginning of Mary's confession, and then there followed a long pause—so long a pause that Zaidée feared this was all, and that there was nothing to follow.

"I have never been like you, Elizabeth. I do not think I deserve to have a very noble nature near me," said Mary. "Instead of being very glad as I thought I should be, I think I am sad to-night—not sad either—I cannot tell how I am. It is so strange, so very strange. I think I am venturing into a new country. Perhaps I had better have been content with Sylvio, Elizabeth," said Mary, rising into her more natural tone; "one could find out Sylvio's depth, poor fellow, and measure him to all his height—no one will be troubled with anything wonderful in Sylvio—but now!"

Mary's voice sunk again, and so did Mary's cheek, once more resting on Zaidée's hand. The office of confidant and confessor to Mary was doomed to be rather a perplexing one.

"A common person," said Mary again, with a little sigh of self-contempt. "Yes, I think I should only have had a common person. I cannot tell why this strange fortune has come to me. If I had been full of dreams and fancies, Elizabeth, like what one reads of—perhaps like what you have, my beautiful sister; but you are sitting here by yourself, Lizzy, with all your sweet thoughts and your lovely face, and this has come to me."

"It is best for me to be alone," said Zaidée; "and this should come to you, for it is your proper fortune. I have been sure of it since ever Percy came."

"Do you call him Percy?" said Mary, raising her head in sudden wonder. "Well, but of course, Lizzy had no reason to be ashamed, no need to be so precise as I was," she continued, with a low laugh. "I was so much ashamed of myself, Elizabeth. Do you know, I thought he had found me out. I thought he was coming to enjoy his triumph. I really do think I could have

killed myself sooner than have let him fancy I cared for him when he did not care for me."

It was not necessary for Zaidée to say anything; the stream of communication was interrupted, but continuous, and wanted no help as it flowed on.

"But instead of that!"—Mary paused and lingered on the words, "instead of that! I think it can only be a poet who is so reverent of women," said Mary, touched to the heart by the deference of her betrothed. "We are no such great things after all, Elizabeth. We are very poor creatures, a great many of us. Fancy me standing listening to him. I am nobody; I am only Mary Cumberland; and he, bending that noble heart of his, and speaking as if he spoke to a princess,—he whom all the world honors. I don't believe it is true after all, and that makes me melancholy," said Mary, with a change in her voice, "it is his own eyes that see something else in me than what I have."

A long pause followed after this, which Zaidée only disturbed by a silent caress of sympathy and encouragement; and she resumed her monologue.

"Did you wonder what I meant putting out the light? I will be your maid now, Elizabeth, since I have left you in the dark; but you do not think I could come in, and sit down opposite you, and tell you all this, looking in your face, with that inquisitive candle twinkling like a saucy listener. You cannot see how I am looking, Lizzy—it does me no harm that you are shining over me with those eyes of yours. It is very hard to have eyes looking into one's heart. Yes, I think he has enchantment in his, Lizzy; they make beauty for themselves wherever they glance. And suppose he should awake some time, and instead of the princess whom he spoke to to-night, find only me! I do not think I was very humble before, but one grows humble in spite of one's self when one is addressed so grandly. He thinks I have a noble nature like his own, Elizabeth—a pure religious spirit, like what you are, Lizzy; and when I try to convince him, he only smiles and thinks the more of me. When he finds it is only plain working-day Mary Cumberland, what will he say?"

"That she is better than all the princesses," said Zaidée, clasping her friend round with her loving arms; and then Mary cried a little, with a sob half of joy and half of melancholy, and then ran off into low, sweet, tremulous laughter, as she raised her head from Zaidée's knee.

"You think I am very humble, do you not?" said Mary, "yet I am afraid I shall be as saucy as ever, and as stupid, and as perverse when to-morrow's daylight comes. Do you want to go to sleep, Elizabeth?—for I had rather stay here, if you are as wakeful as I am. I have made a great many resolutions to-night—I should not like him to change his opinion of me, Lizzy; but I am afraid they will all vanish with to-morrow. One cannot overcome two-and-twenty years in a single day."

And thus they sat in the moonlight talking a great deal, and quite forgetful of the lapse of these swift-footed hours; their low voices whispered so lightly that no one woke in the neigh-

bering chambers to be aware of this innocent midnight conference. Mary did not leave Zaidée's room all that night,—truth to say, Mary did not wake after her unusual vigil till Mrs. B. had sighed over the breakfast table all alone for a full hour, and the sun was full in the sky. Zaidée was more wakeful; her morning dreams were disturbed and broken by a strange pleasure and a strange dread of this new connection. She was glad and proud that Percy and Mary were betrothed to each other. She pleased herself with thinking that "our Percy's" manly care and tenderness would make amends to the real daughter of this house for all the love and kindness which she herself had met with at Mary's hands. They had been very good to Zaidée Vivian, all these kind people; and Percy Vivian's devotion would repay them for the great debt his cousin owed. But a darker consideration mingled with that; Mary was now of course on terms of perfect confidence with Percy. Mary would tell him that her beautiful sister was a stranger, a poor little orphan adopted of the house; and Percy and Elizabeth, who remembered so well the lost Zaidée, would discover her secret ere she was aware.

This fancy filled her mind with dreary anticipations. Only one resource seemed opened to Zaidée; once more she must go out unfriended upon the world,—she must not be taken home to annul all previous sacrifices—to make this seven years' banishment of none effect. No longer a child, a woman with that perilous inheritance of beauty to make her way harder, she must once more break from the grasp of affection and friendliness, and go forth to the unknown. Zaidée looked at Mary's face sleeping under the morning light, with its sweet color and its unconscious smiles; she could not grudge the happiness of Mary; she could not be otherwise than glad for this consummation, whatever the result might be to herself. Zaidée's generous heart never faltered in its congratulations for the sore and hapless chance which she perceived approaching in the distance; however it might fare with her, she was glad for Mary. A distinct and pleasant future, full of sunshine, lay before the footsteps of her friend; for herself Zaidée saw nothing but a world of clouds and shadows—a forlorn path leading away through the solitude towards the horizon. Lover nor friend was never to stretch out a hand to her; she had no possession in the world but her father's Bible, and that book of Grandfather Vivian's—no sweet fortune descending out of the tender twilight skies, but an inexorable necessity, a pursuing fate. To the end of the world, if need were—to the unfriendly crowds of London, or the stranger solitudes of some distant country,—anywhere rather than here, where she was in danger of discovery,—anywhere sooner than the Grange.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONSENT.

The next morning overwhelmed Mrs. Cumberland with surprise and doubtful pleasure.—"I should have been very glad had it been Elizabeth," said Mrs. Cumberland; "but Mary!—how could you possibly think of Mary, my dear

Mr. Vivian? I am sure I will not stand in the way of your happiness—one to whom the whole world of readers owes so much!—and I assure you it will make me very proud to call the author of those delightful volumes my son-in-law. But Mary!—Mary has no genius, Mr. Vivian. She is a child of very plain tastes, and takes strangely after her Aunt Burtonshaw. I am extremely surprised; I cannot understand it: Mary! Are you sure you have made a wise choice?"

"I am very sure I have no other choice in my power," said Percy, somewhat astonished at this novel reception of his addresses. "Choice is a fiction, I suspect; at all events, I am quite beyond that agreeable freedom."

"I assure you I will never stand in the way of your happiness," said Mrs. Cumberland; "on the contrary, I am only too much delighted to have it in my power to aid your wishes. Mary is a good child; but she has no genius, Mr. Vivian."

"I fancy I prefer having all the genius myself," said Percy with a saucy smile. This was for the benefit of Mary, who entered at the moment, abruptly concluding Mr. Vivian's audience.—Mrs. Cumberland, much bewildered, followed her daughter through the room with her eyes.—Mary!—How could the distinguished author by any possibility think of her?

But Mrs. Cumberland had no alternative but assent, and the concurrence of Mr. Cumberland was certain; even Mrs. Burtonshaw gave her approval of this conclusive blow to all her former hopes. "But it is some time since I made up my mind to lose Mary. I have other views for Sylvio now, my love," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. Again Zaidée assented innocently to this seeming harmless declaration, and asked no questions. "She never asks me what my views are, poor dear," said Mrs. Burtonshaw within herself; and she received her sister's condolences over Mary's new engagement with great resignation. Zaidée's want of curiosity was proof positive to Aunt Burtonshaw.

"Promise me one thing, Mary," said Zaidée, wistfully, amid the many talks and confidences of the following night. "Do not tell Mr. Vivian I am not your sister—I would rather he thought me your sister; do not tell him, Mary, for my sake."

"Why?" Mary looked up with immediate curiosity. Mary had one or two strange things in her mind to wonder at when she had leisure; her glance was so sudden that Zaidée's face was almost surprised into the beseeching look with which she had barred further mention of the Grange on the previous day; but she was wise enough to subdue her anxiety, and look unconcerned.

"I suppose if he comes to know all our family matters by-and-by," said Mary with a blush, and a little hesitation, "he will have to know that you were not born my sister, Lizzy—he will never know anything else, I am sure; the only difference is, that if you had been born my sister, I might not have liked you so well—one of us surely must have taken after our father or our mother. But I will not tell him, Elizabeth; I will not say a word about it, I assure you. I

wonder if you will ever be on good terms—I think he is a little afraid of you: it is always my beautiful sister, or Miss Elizabeth Cumberland: he does not half understand you, I am sure; I wonder if you will ever be friends?"

Zaidee could not answer; she durst not say no. No, it was impossible—she must not be friends with Percy—but Zaidée became aware that a cloud and weight of doubtfulness began to be visible on Mary's face; she could not understand either Percy's curiosity about Zaidée, or Zaidée's evident wish to avoid his presence and his friendship; she could not be jealous any longer—far from that, she had given up all her thoughts to the safe keeping of her beautiful sister, and made a confidant deeply interested and most sympathetic of Zaidée. But she was disturbed; there was some mystery in it; could Zaidée have known Percy before?—and immediately there returned to Mary's memory, that description of the Grange which corresponded so strangely with a description Zaidée had once given to her.—Had Percy by any chance made Mary acquainted to-day with the story of his lost cousin, Mary must have leaped to the conclusion, and Zaidée's secret been discovered on the spot. As it was, Mary went out with a good deal of doubt and wonder in her mind, but after half an hour's wandering through those hilly paths where the sunshine lay warm upon the grass, and the air came fresh and sweet across the plain, Mary forgot in a great measure her doubt and her wonder. She forgot her beautiful sister altogether, and all that was mysterious in her—she thought of nothing but the present sunny hour, and the charmed prospect of the future. Mary, though she was generous by nature, was not a striking example of unselfishness; and perhaps, under her circumstances, it would have been an equivocal kindness to suffer her anxiety for any one else to interfere with the regard she owed to Percy, who was devoting all his thoughts and all his cares to her.

So they came and went together unreprieved upon these hilly ways, and grew into acquaintance with each other on the grassy slopes of Malvern. To Percy Vivian's versatile and many-sided nature there was repose and support in the much more limited mind of Mary, which was strong in what it did grasp—though its grasp comprehended but a small part of his wide range of thought and fancy. She never brought him down out of his aerial flights by lack of understanding, but sometimes she listened with a smile. His sister Elizabeth, who also was limited in her mental range, was perfect, in Percy's apprehension, within her boundaries; but Mary was not perfect. She was young; she had a world before her, on which she, too, glanced undismissed. She was ready to follow his caprices of exuberant imagination—she was ready to share the impetuous delight with which he threw himself on one new field after another, and rejoiced in his waste of power and universal reputation—his capacity for everything. Percy's prudent friends warned him to build his edifice of fame on more lasting foundations, and consolidate his glories; but Percy, who threw himself from one branch of the profession he had chosen

to another for pure delight in the change, and exultation in the exercise of his young powers, took no time to pause and think of fame; and Mary, glorying, like himself, in the magic of that power of his, scorned, like himself, to bring this glorious vassal into harness, and make Pegasus do his day's work steadily, like an ignoble steed. He told her of all his countless schemes and projects; and she, to whom the profession of literature had become the most noble profession under heaven, heard and gave her whole heart to them, without a single reserve of prudence or recommendation to concentrate; they were quite unanimous in running this brilliant race, and Percy's breast expanded as he stood looking out upon that great plain, with Mary leaning on his arm, and the fresh wind tossing his wavy hair about his temples, at thought of all that he could do.

"I'll make thee famous with my pen," quoted Percy, half laughing and half in earnest—

"I'll serve thee in such glorious ways,
As ne'er were known before;
I'll deck and crown my head with bays,
And love thee evermore."

"Should it not be *my* head you crown with bays—is that not the strain of the song?" said Mary, looking up to him as his eyes brightened under the influence of the verse. "You are only the crowner—you are not the crowned."

"Ah, Montrose knew better," said Percy.—"If I crown my head with bays, I am a more creditable vassal. You will rather conquer the conqueror than hold a slave in your fetters; the bays are not emblems of great enough royalty for a poet's bride; it is only her knight, her vassal, her sworn servant, who must be laureated.—Stars, or the living sunshine, are the only fitting crown for the brow of her beauty, which is above fame; the man has honor to win, but the lady of his thoughts is above his honor; the rewarder and inspirer of it, throned in an atmosphere higher than his bays and his fightings. Yes, yes, Montrose knew the homage he could offer—not the bays, but the love."

And Mary Cumberland cast down her eyes, and bent her pretty head in humility almost painful. This ethereal type of womanhood was not "me." She was ashamed of herself, to have all these undeserved glories laid upon her. Her atmosphere was not so high, nor her world so pure as the poet represented it, and Mary was humbled with too much praise. Yes, he had crowned his head with laurels, fresh and noble; he had taken the universal heart by storm, and raised a fairy temple of fame for himself; and all the store he set by it was to make his homage more worthy of *her*—of that Mary Cumberland who boasted of being one of the common people, neither intellectual nor superior. Mary went by his side very humbly after this conversation; the burden of his song rang in her ears, "and love thee evermore." Mary's fancy was singing as she listened to his voice rather vaguely, more for the music of it than to understand its words; she could be even with him in that one particular—it was a comfort to Mary.

And Zaidée sat at home thinking over this strange chance which had befallen the family—wondering how she could have been so glad of it last night—how she could have shut her eyes to its important bearing on her own fate! Percy would by-and-by become a member of the family, and know all its secrets; Percy would soon have perfect acquaintance with all that his bride knew of her—Mary's suspicions perhaps—her own request to Mary,—a hundred circumstances which only Mary could remember. She sat in desolate idleness, twining her fingers together, and looking blankly towards the future. When this engagement ended in the marriage to which they all began to look forward, this place was no longer a shelter for Zaidée. Were it but for her own self, she could not endure close intercourse with the family so infinitely dear to her. She could not meet Aunt Vivian—Philip—all of them as strangers. She must go away.

CHAPTER XXII.—PERCY'S SHORTCOMINGS.

"My dear love, you are losing all your beautiful color—you are pining to a shadow," said Mrs. Burtonshaw. We must go home, Elizabeth. I will go home with you myself, if Maria Anna will not hear reason, and the sweet air of Sylvo's place will set you up again, my dear child."

Mrs. Burtonshaw could not be sufficiently grateful for this constant affection, which rewarded Sylvo so abundantly for Mary's loss. She exhausted herself in solicitude for the unconscious Zaidée, who never dreamed of any special reason for this excessive kindness. Except in the lengthened confidences which brought Mary every evening into Zaidée's room, and delayed their rest till far into the night, Zaidée had lost her companion. Mr. Cumberland had given his consent by this time in an odd letter—a curious contrast to the eloquent one which Percy sent to him, and to the elegant epistle full of notes of admiration in which Mrs. Cumberland had intimated the event, and her own wonder; so that the way was quite without an obstacle, and the course of this true love threatened to run provokingly smooth, and to have no obstructions. There began to be considerable talk even in Zaidée's chamber, where sentiment was a little more prevalent than formerly, of *trousseau*, and the important preparations of the wedding. There was a great flutter among the attendant maids, who had come here with the family, and a general excitement and expectation of the great event which began to draw near.

On one of these evenings, when Mary followed Zaidée up stairs, no longer finding any occasion to extinguish the light, the old spark of mirth was dancing once more in Mary's eye. "I have given up being humble, Elizabeth," said Mary; "I have no such extraordinary occasion as I fancied myself to have; he is not so immaculate after all, Lizzy. I am very glad; a perfect man would be a sad weariness. He has human frailty in him. The lofty Percy Vivian, who has only to say the word and his hero or his heroine is forthwith endowed with fairy fortune, is much troubled with the vulgar question of ways and means, Elizabeth. He has been mak-

ing a great many confessions to me. He is quite afraid to bring Mr. Cumberland's daughter into poverty, and talks of taking advantage of 'our goodness.' He should have thought of that in time."

"But you did not think he was rich," said Zaidée hastily. Zaidée's face flushed with a little family pride. She was not content to hear a Vivian spoken of so.

"Of course," I did not think him rich," said Mary, "and I am sure I did not care whether he was rich or poor. I don't believe he ever thought of it himself, till Aunt Burtonshaw had been saying something of my fortune; and when I came in, I saw something was wrong; he was restless and disturbed, Elizabeth, and his eyes were flashing about everywhere. Now, when I think of it, his eyes are not unlike your eyes, and he was a little haughty, and a great deal troubled. After a long time, I prevailed on him to tell me, and it appears that Mr. Percy Vivian has been an extravagant young gentleman, Lizzy; that he is not quite prepared, after all, for entering upon what mamma calls 'new responsibilities,' as he was so anxious to do; and that something more is necessary than papa's consent. We are not running quite so smooth after all, you see," said Mary, with a little sigh; "I believe he has followed Sylvo's example, and taken a cigar into his counsel. There is a little red spark down below there, pacing up and down through the darkness. He has confided his trouble to me very frankly, Lizzy; but when I tried to hint at that poor little fortune of mine, you should have seen what a glance he gave me. I may sympathize, or I may advise, but I cannot try to assist; I see he must do it all by himself."

"He must do it all by himself," echoed Zaidée eagerly. Zaidée forgot for the moment everything but that she was a Vivian, and looked almost as haughty at the idea of Mary Cumberland's fortune as Percy himself could do; "but Mr. Vivian was of a good family, you told me; will they not set him right?"

"Like those bad princes that Aunt Burtonshaw talks about," said Mary laughing, "who had all their debts paid when they suffered themselves to be 'settled.' I do not think I ought to talk like this. Percy only told me, because I plagued him to know what was the matter, and he said he must tell papa; but I do not think he thought it anything to laugh at. I do not suppose they can be people of fortune, Lizzy, for his elder brother is in India. Why should he be there, if there was a good estate at home?"

"Does Mr. Vivian speak of him?" said Zaidée. Zaidée could by no means explain to herself why Philip was in India, nor what reason he could have had for leaving the Grange.

"Yes, he speaks of him. One would think he was a *preux chevalier*, and he is only a merchant—an Indian Prince's agent—a something in business," said Mary, who was a little jealous of this much commended brother. "Percy says Philip—that is his brother's name—used to send him an allowance to help him to prosecute his studies, till he gave up the law for literature, and had a great deal of money of his own, and did

not want it any more. Do you know Percy really is a barrister, Elizabeth? He could go and plead to-morrow, if any one gave him a brief. I do not know if he is a good lawyer, but I am sure he is an orator by nature. I am certain he would win his plea. I do not believe he ever failed in anything. You need not smile; it is a simple truth. It would kill Percy to fail."

"And his brother—he whom you call Philip?" asked Zaidée with hesitation. "Mary, he will help him, now."

"I do not know," said Mary slowly; "perhaps Percy will not ask him. I think he will resume his profession, and work very hard, and get over his difficulty by himself. He will not give up literature, of course; but I am sure, if he devoted himself to his profession, he might be lord chancellor, Elizabeth!"

For Mary Cumberland's well regulated and sensible mind had been dazzled into an overweening admiration for the genius of her betrothed. Somewhat cynical of every other excellence, Mary had yielded all the more completely to this one, in which she believed. She was not much given to exercising faith where reason was practicable, but in the present case the neglected capabilities of belief and enthusiasm avenged themselves on Mary. She delivered herself over to this overpowering fascination. She who was so wary and cautious in her ordinary judgments, believed in Percy with the blindest faith. There was nothing too glorious for his attainment, nothing too great for him to reach. Her sober fancy borrowed and exaggerated the glowing colors of his poetic imagination. Everywhere else the earth was common soil to Mary Cumberland; the days were working days, the men and the women very ordinary people; but all the vague indefinite charms which a youthful imagination throws upon the general surface of the world were gathered into one for Mary. There was but one magician sufficiently potent to throw this spell upon her; but now, when she was fairly enthralled by the magical influence, she gave up her whole heart to it, and reasoned no more.

But here was a temporary pause in the smooth current of their love. Percy's wooing must not blossom into Percy's marriage quite so rapidly as that ardent young gentleman had intended. All these wanderings over the hill of Malvern, those charmed walks and fairy twilights, must be interrupted by a laborious necessity, and their renewal indefinitely postponed. Percy would have started for town that same night could he have had his will, but being persuaded to wait till the morning, he waited longer; a day or two did not so much signify—and a world of plans were formed and discussed, and little time lost, as these two well-occupied people thought. Zaidée did not even have that evening's report of the day's proceedings, which at first had indemnified her for the loss of Mary's society. Mary's thoughts and time were alike swallowed up by Percy Vivian; and Zaidée, whose interest in Percy no one suspected, wandered by herself over the family circumstances unknown to her, and could not understand why Philip went to India, or how Percy's allowance during his time

of study should come from him. Could some new and unthought of misfortune have plucked the little possessions of Briarford out of Philip's hands once more? But Percy still spoke of the Grange. Zaidée wasted many an hour in wonder, but without comprehension. She had relinquished all that she had, seven years ago, when she left her home. Whatever difficulties they might be in, even if by chance they should come to poverty, as Zaidée's old vision was, she could no longer help them now. It was bootless for her to ponder Percy's difficulties—to wonder why Philip should not help him—but Zaidée could think of nothing else, as she bore Mrs. Cumberland and Mrs. Burtonshaw company in that little drawing-room, or sat in her own chamber alone.

When Percy did go away at last, it was at night. He could not set out upon his journey, he protested, while the morning light lay so sweetly upon these heights of Malvern, and when there was a whole day to be enjoyed. He proposed setting out when he had said good-night—when there was no more to be seen of Mary for all these hours of darkness; and when another moment's lingering would have made him too late, Percy dashed off in great haste, and went whirling past their gate in the night coach, which he caught, with his usual good fortune, after it had left its starting-place. When the sound of its wheels had died into the distance, Mary turned from the window with a sigh. She was very anxious for the breaking-up of the little party this evening—very anxious to take Zaidée's arm, and hurry her up-stairs. Mary had no patience for mamma and Aunt Burtonshaw in the sudden relapse into languor and quietness which followed Percy's farewell, and she had more than usual occasion for her confidence, and more than common news to carry to Zaidée to-night.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE HISTORY OF THE VIVIANs.

"I have never heard a stranger story," said Mary Cumberland; "it is like romance. I am very sure it is not like actual life. He only told me last night, and I have had no time to speak to you to-day. Do not stand there, Elizabeth, as if you were marble; you are as pale as marble, indeed. Are you really pining for Sylvio's place, as Aunt Burtonshaw persuades herself? And what are you going to do with work—work at this hour of the night? I really do wish you would sit down, Lizzy, and let me tell you my tale."

Zaidée sat down with passive obedience. She did not take the work she had lifted, but she turned her face away from Mary, and sat with a breathless interest in her look, which made her great paleness more apparent. Mary did not observe this; she was full of her own thoughts, and went on.

"His family had a little cousin living with them, and they had been very kind to her; but suddenly a will was found made by Percy's grandfather—who must have been a dreadful person, if all is true that is said of him—leaving

the estate to this child. She was quite young, and her name was Zaidée. Mrs. Morton's little girl is called after her. Well, of course the family were very much disturbed about this, and they all made up their minds unanimously not to dispute the will—as I should fancy could have been done—but to give up the estate at once to this girl. The eldest son—who is Philip—was especially anxious, and determined to go to India; and when little Zaidée found that she could not persuade them to burn the will, or to take the property from her, what do you think she did, Elizabeth? Percy says she was only a child—not pretty, nor very clever, nor anything particular—she ran away!”

Mary waited an instant for some comment, but, hearing none, resumed her story.

“I think it was very grand of her! whatever you may think, Elizabeth; and though it was a very foolish thing, you know, and gave them great distress and trouble, I think it was very grand of that child. They never could find her, though they were once very near; so where she is, or if she is living at all, they have no knowledge—they cannot tell anything at all of her. She may be in Malvern here, or she may be at the end of the world. They advertised, and did all sorts of things, but Zaidée was never heard of again.”

Zaidée listened to all this, and was silent; she had clasped her hands together so tightly that they were some support to her, and her heart was leaping against her breast with such loud throbs that she feared lest Mary should hear. Another vehement aching pulse beat in Zaidée's temples. Her slight figure now and then was swept by a sudden shuddering; but she felt that on her self-denial now depended all her hope of eluding discovery; and with an effort of which she could not have believed herself capable, she kept herself from trembling, and cleared her choking voice to speak. “What then?” said Zaidée. Her whole force was strained to make the tone of these two little syllables clear and calm; no trace of the burning anxiety with which she listened, nor of her passion of fear and excitement, was betrayed in her voice.—“What then?” but no effort could have strengthened her to say more.

“I suppose she had thought they would remain quietly in possession of the estate after she was gone,” said Mary, in her lightness of speech—and every word that Mary spoke was a revelation to Zaidée; “of course that was what she meant, the poor, foolish child; but her running away did not make any difference, except to embarrass them all the more: for you could never expect that Philip—Philip must be very proud, I am afraid, Elizabeth—would be content to have the estate after the heiress had run away; so, when he could not find her, Philip went to India, and Percy came to London, and Mrs. Morton was married,—all these changes happened at the same time; and their mother and their two younger sisters were left in the Grange.”

Another dreadful pause, and Zaidée must compel herself to speak again. “But at least *they* are there now,” said Zaidée. Her great strain

of excitement was slackened a little; she was no longer in doubt; she saw the whole; and, with bitter disappointment and mortification, marvelled at her own blindness, which could not foresee this certain failure of her childish sacrifice.

“They are there now,” said Mary—and Mary's light and sprightly tones fell so strangely upon this heart which was troubled to its very depths; “at least the old lady is there now, for I am not sure whether one or both of the sisters are married. Mrs. Vivian must be a very active old lady, Elizabeth. Percy says she manages all the estate, and looks after everything; and if this little cousin should ever be found, she will be a very great heiress—one of the richest in the country—for the rents have been accumulating ever since she ran away. Percy does not think she will ever be found now, it is so long since they lost her; and I do not know who all this money will go to, I am sure; but that is why his own family cannot help him in his difficulties—none of them would touch this that is left for Zaidée, however great the necessity might be. Now is it not a very strange tale?”

The conclusion of the story restored Zaidée to herself; she had heard all Mary knew of these dearest friends, whom she yearned at all times to hear of, and she recalled her mind to the present moment, and left all this startling intelligence to be considered hereafter. Slowly, and with pain, she unclosed the white hands which had held to each other with such a fixed and deadly grasp, and constrained the sobbing sigh which struggled in her breast. She knew that her face did not betray her when she turned it to the light; she saw that Mary's eyes were quite unsuspicious, and her composure unbroken; and she felt her heart expand with a strange satisfaction in her own power—she had been able to listen to all this, yet make no sign.

“In other circumstances, Percy could have had little difficulty; but he must do all for himself now, and we must delay. It does not trouble *me*,” said Mary, with a blush; “but it troubles Percy, and I am afraid he must be more than a little embarrassed: It was natural that he should live as he had been used to live; and then he got a great deal of money for writing, you know; and was so much applauded, and invited everywhere. I do not wonder at it in the least, Elizabeth; it was the most natural thing in the world. I am afraid it will be some time before he is able to encounter ‘new responsibilities,’ Lizzy. I am afraid it will be a long time—perhaps two or three years. If he should happen to make an extraordinary impression in the first case he conducts—as I have no doubt he will—it may be different; but otherwise, we will have to be patient, and he must work, and I must cheer him all I can.”

Mary ended with a little sigh; then she took up one of the lights, and gave her good-night kiss to Zaidée, listlessly, and went out of the room with a languid step. Percy was gone; there was a long working-day of labor and anxiety before the brilliant, versatile genius. Mary, in her undoubting confidence in him, did not inquire how he would bear this ordeal; but she felt that it

must be a very wearisome, tedious time, and she yielded to a little natural depression as she went slowly to her rest.

But there was no rest for Zaidée that night.—When she had closed her door, she returned to think over all this story—the story of her family and of herself. She could not sit still to contemplate this glimpse of her home; she wandered through the little chamber, by turns calling upon one and another, with tears and an unspeakable yearning. She fancied she saw Aunt Vivian alone in the Grange, every one of them gone away from her; no Philip to support her declining years, not even pretty Sophy, perhaps, to gladden her mother's heart. Alone—all by herself—Zaidée's fairy godmother, employed in anxious care for the lost child; while Philip, under the burning Eastern skies, toiled to achieve for himself the fortune of which Zaidée had deprived him at home. With an eager and hasty anxiety, her thoughts labored to find some other means of making effectual her futile and useless sacrifice. All these years she had been consoling herself, in her simplicity, with the thought that she had done justice; but she had not done justice; her labor and exile, and martyrdom of love, were all in vain. Zaidée could not tell what side to turn to in her momentary despair; she had lost her name, her home, her identity; but she had not fulfilled that last command of Grandfather Vivian: with all her anxiety, and all her exertion, she had still

supplanted Philip; the house was desolate, and the heir in a far country, and on Zaidée's heart lay the weight of it all.

She could have hated her own forlorn existence—she could have prayed again her child's prayer to die; but Zaidée was a woman now, and had not any longer the boldness and the ignorance of the child to justify these cries of her grieving heart. When she lay down upon her bed for form's sake, and when she rose again in the early dawning, her mind followed, without intermission, a serious question—a matter of life or death. She had failed—and now, how to succeed—how to put her urgent duty beyond reach of failure? She had attained to an elder age, and a more mature understanding; but she was still simple, youthful, inexperienced, and knew of no certain means to attain her object. A thousand impracticable plans crowded upon her as she stood at the window, watching the sun climb up the eastern sky. Mary was dreaming the morning dreams of youth and happiness; Percy was resting from his night journey, and even in his sleep impetuously pressing forward to overvault his difficulties. Where was Philip, in his far-away exile, near yonder sunrise? But had they seen this beautiful face, gazing with wistful eyes upon the golden light of the morning, neither Percy nor Philip could have dreamed that this was Zaidée, laboring, in her secret heart with prayers and plans a hundredfold, to restore to his inheritance the exiled heir of the Grange.

Our idea of Constantinople is not that of a literary city. Yet it produces more newspapers, magazines, and reviews than many European capitals boasting a better ballet and a more advanced civilization. Naples, Rome, Lisbon, Florence Copenhagen, St. Petersburg—each show a less amount of pleasant and various literary activity. The *Taqvim-i-Vaqai* ("Record of Events") is the *Moniteur* of Turkey, and contains official announcements. It appears at irregular intervals, and in the Turkish language. The other journals printed in the language of the country are, *Djérid-i-Havadis* ("The Collection of News"),—the *Medjmoua-i-Havadis* ("The News Gazette") printed in Armenian characters,—the *Akhar-i-Constantinié* ("The Constantinople News"), also printed in Armenian characters,—*Anadolu* ("The East") printed in Greek characters. These are the Turkish newspapers published in Constantinople. The Turks have also a bi-monthly review, the *Djérid-i-Décrié* ("The Universal Magazine"), which records facts and discusses questions in the various departments of literature, science, morals, and religion. Next to the pure Turks, the Armenians seem to display the largest share of literary enterprise. This patient and commercial race has two journals printed in the capital: *The Macis* ("The Mount Ararat"), a newspaper appearing every Tuesday,—*The Avedaper* ("The Messenger"), a newspaper, appearing every alternate Wednesday,—and two magazines,—the *Asjdj Ardélian* (the "Little Star of the East"), and the *Ardzui Vas-*

bouragan ("The Eagle of Vasbour"), both of which are devoted to the discussion of literary and moral questions, and appear once a month. Next on the list are the French, who may be called the journalists of Western Europe. The *Journal de Constantinople* and the *Presse d'Orient* are well known to English readers. The Spaniards have an illustrated review, *El Maladero la Fuente de Ciencia* ("The Maladero, Fountain of the Sciences"), which appears monthly. The Spanish Jews have a weekly journal, *Hor-Israel*. The Bulgarians also have a weekly paper, the *Tzarigradski-Vestnik* ("The Constantinople Messenger.") The Greeks (about whose number and intelligence, and commercial and literary activity, some of our contemporaries talk so enthusiastically) have one small newspaper, the *Telegraphos tou Bosphorou* ("Bosphorus Telegraph"), which appears every Saturday. The masters of the imaginary Greek Empire, about which we dream dreams, cannot support a single daily paper, a single review, a single magazine in the capital of their impossible dominions. Nor do we hear of any literary project in the Greek language at Constantinople. The only new literary move of which people talk at Pera is the establishment of an Arab journal, with the title *Djéridet-ul-Havadis*. A nominal censorship exists at the Porte, but it rarely interferes with the journals; so that the press at Constantinople is practically as free as that of London and New York.—*Athenæum*.

From The Athenæum.

The Philosophy of the Human Voice: embracing its Physiological History; together with a System of Principles, by which Criticism in the Art of Elocution may be rendered intelligible, and Instruction definite and comprehensive. To which is added, a brief Analysis of Song and Recitative. By James Rush, M. D. Fourth edition, enlarged. Philadelphia, Lippincott & Co.; London, Trübner and Co.

Proceedings of the Royal Society. Vol. VII. No. 13. *Observations on the Human Voice.* By Manuel Garcia.

That the laborious book here tied up with a pamphlet which registers the proceedings of one of our learned Societies, should have gone through four editions in America, is a fact speaking wonders for the public of the New World, and proves that it possesses an ostrich-power of digestion, when scientific rubbish is the article to be swallowed. Dr. Rush divides his "Philosophy" into half-a-hundred-and-one sections,—heading these with titles, employing a technicology, and calling in aid illustration, so as to make up one of the most remarkable books ever devoted to the propounding of "a system" by Absurdity. In a "Treatise on the Human Voice," (to give merely one example), what reader will not be puzzled by a chapter on "the Downward Radical and Vanishing Movement?" The least imaginative persons to whom this is propounded may be excused if their visions run on *Loco-focos*, "Know Nothings," "The Polk Ticket," or "Captain ——'s Buncom dodge," or other Transatlantic political excitement, in place of ascertaining some principle fixed in throat, chest, head, or nose (for the French used to sing from the nose), on which, for basis, they might build up some theory of vocal execution, verbal declamation, or other reality belonging to the voice and to the uses of the voice.

Dr. Rush is not only portentous in the heads of his sections,—the body, soul, and spirit of them also are unique. Here, to prove our adjective, is a passage from his chapter on "The Tremor of the Voice:"—

Since then each of the tonic and subtonic elements does, even in its shortest time, always pass through the concrete, it follows that, however quickly successive any one of them may be repeated, each impulse must be a concrete interval. When therefore the tremor is made on any of the above-named elements, either alone or in syllabic combination,—and in this last case, it is heard only on the single element;—the successive constituent impulses of that tremor must each consist of an abrupt radical, and of a rapid concrete of some one interval of the scale. Let us, for more precise description, call these impulses, or iterations, the *Titles*. Thus the tremulous scale

is made up of a succession of *Titles*, each of which, like the common syllabic impulse, has its radical and its concrete pitch. Taking the name of the interval as a designation, there may be a tremor of the semitone, second, third, fifth, and octave. That is, the concrete pitch of each successive title may rapidly rise or fall through those intervals respectively. In this case, the titles are supposed to be continued on the same line of radical pitch, the vanishes rising therefrom to their required heights; but it is easy to understand that while an iteration of these vanishes is going on, through any concrete interval, the radical pitch of these vanishes may, in its iterations, be carried upward or downward through the whole compass of the voice.

These "*titles*," we submit, would be overcoming if even the above mysterious announcement of them were not followed by such a solemn definition as this:—

The tremulous function of crying, like that of laughter, consists of a concrete and of a radical pitch. That is, the iteration of titles, each with its rapid concrete semitone or minor third, may successively ascend or descend through the whole compass of the voice, by such minute discreet steps as were ascribed to the radical pitch of laughter.

Ere we have done with Dr. Rush, we must give an example of his illustrations as well as of his divisions and definitions. The following is a note from his chapter on "The Chromatic Melody of Speech:"—

Since the first publication of this work, in eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, the practice of public out-cry in the streets of Philadelphia, has now, in eighteen hundred and fifty-five, entirely passed away. Instead therefore of being, as formerly, aroused, in the stillness of midnight, by the Watchman's hollow Orotund, to the plaintive interests, and solemn contrasts of near and distant solitary cries, awakening our safety to sympathy with the perils of a conflagration; hear what we have now, under the prosperous *onwardism* of our great political, moral and æsthetic "mission:" the Alarm-bells of a whole city at once; the jangling clappers of Horse-carriages without number; the ceaseless roar of inarticulate trumpets; the screams of boys; the yells of men; the wrangling preparations for a street-fight; the *out-shouting* shouts, upon the first volley of stones; the discharge of revolvers; the uproar of a thousand brutal throats; and the silent absence of a "non-committal" republican police. After the Imperial Roman had robbed-out every Treasury, every Temple, and every private purse, within reach of his quarrelsome and ruthless sword, his avaricious courage failed; and the Barbarian came back, and down upon him in righteous revenge. We, with over-matching cupidity, are pursuing and exterminating the Native Indian from his Land. But Hah! with retributive justice, he seems, in the forced submission of his retreat, to have thrown away to the winds his gross and unlearned spirit; which

now, like a national malaria, is spreading an avenging savageism among his conquerors.

Have not our readers had enough? We owe M. Garcia an apology, for tying up his scientific sense with the above nonsense,—for mating his modesty with our Doctor's display. But the subject, as treated by M. Garcia, is one too curiously scientific to be examined in a few slight paragraphs. Enough, then, to direct attention to the fact, that the "Philosophy of the Voice" has been made matter of investigation and deliberation at one of our learned Societies, besides being (as we lately had occasion to observe) invoked empirically as a puff of a singing-book,—or (as we now point out) covered with the tawdriest fustian by one who may claim the title of "Master of Arts" in any College of Solemn Nonsense.

DEATH OF RED JACKET:

He was taken suddenly ill in the Council House, of cholera morbus, where he had gone that day dressed with more than ordinary care, with all his gay apparel and ornaments. When he returned he said to his wife, "I am sick; I could not stay till the Council had finished. I shall never recover." He then took off all his rich costume and laid it carefully away; reclined himself upon his couch, and did not rise again till morning, or speak except to answer some slight question. His wife prepared him medicine, which he patiently took, but said, "It will do no good; I shall die." The next day he called her to him, and requested her and the little girl he loved so much to sit beside him, and listen to his parting words.

"I am going to die," he said. "I shall never leave the house again alive. I wish to thank you for your kindness to me. You have loved me. You have always prepared my food, and taken care of my clothes, and been patient with me. I am sorry I ever treated you unkindly. I am sorry I left you because of your new religion, and am convinced that it is a good religion, and has made you a better woman, and wish you to persevere in it. I should like to have lived a little longer for your sake. I meant to build you a new house and make you more comfortable, but it is now too late. But I hope my daughter will remember what I have so often told her—not to go in the streets with strangers, or associate with improper persons. She must stay with her mother and grow up a respectable woman.

"When I am dead it will be noised abroad through all the world—they will hear of it across the great waters and say, 'Red Jacket, the great orator, is dead.' And white men will come and ask you for my body. They will wish to bury me. But do not let them take me. Clothe me in my simplest dress—put on my leggins and my moccasins, and hang the cross which I have worn so long around my neck, and let it lie upon my bosom. Then bury me among my people. Neither do I wish to be buried with Pagan rites. I wish the ceremonies to be as you like, according to the customs of your new religion if you choose. Your minister says the dead will rise. Perhaps

they will. If they do, I wish to rise with my old comrades. I do not wish to rise among pale faces. I wish to be surrounded by red men. Do not make a feast according to the customs of the Indians. Whenever my friends chose, they could come and feast with me when I was well, and I do not wish those who have never eaten with me in my cabin, to surfeit at my funeral feast."

When he had finished, he laid himself again upon the couch, and did not rise again. He lived several days, but was most of the time in a stupor or else delirious. He often asked for Mr. Harris, the missionary, and afterwards would unconsciously mutter—"I do not hate him; he thinks I hate him, but I do not. I would not hurt him." The missionary was sent for repeatedly, but did not return till he was dead. When the messenger told him Mr. Harris had not come, he replied, "Very well. The Great Spirit will order it as he sees best, whether I have an opportunity to speak with him." Again he would murmur, "He accused me of being a snake, and trying to bite somebody. This was very true, and I wish to repent and make satisfaction."

Whether it was Mr. Harris that he referred to all the time he was talking in this way could not be ascertained, as he did not seem to comprehend if any direct question was put to him, but from his remarks, and his known enmity to him, this was the natural supposition. Sometimes he would think he saw some of his old companions about him, and exclaim, "There is Farmer's Brother; why does he trouble me—why does he stand there looking at me?" then he would again sink into a stupor.

The wife and daughter were the only ones to whom he spoke parting words or gave a parting blessing; but as his last hour drew nigh, his family all gathered around him, and mournful it was to think that the children were not his own—his were all sleeping in the little churchyard where he was soon to be laid—they were his step-children—the children of his favorite wife.

These he had always loved and cherished, and they loved and honored him, for this their mother had taught them. The wife sat by his pillow and rested her hand upon his head. At his feet stood the two sons, who are now aged and Christian men, and by his side the little girl, whose little hand rested upon his withered and trembling palm. His last words were still, "Where is the missionary?" and then he clasped the child to his bosom, while she sobbed in anguish—her ears caught his hurried breathing—his arms relaxed their hold—she looked up, and he was gone.

He had requested that a vial of cold water might be placed in his hand when he was prepared for the burial, but the reason of the request no one could divine. It was complied with, however, and all his wishes strictly heeded. The funeral took place in the little mission church, with appropriate but the most simple ceremonies; and he was buried in the little mission burying-ground, at the gateway of what was once an old fort—around him his own people—aged men, sachems, chiefs and warriors, and little children.

From The Athenæum.

The Anglo-Saxon Poems of Beowulf, the Scop, or Gleeman's Tale, and the Fight of Finnesburg. With a Literal Translation, Notes, Glossary, etc. By Benjamin Thorpe. J. H. Parker.

"BEOWULF" is a poem which ought to be read generally, as one of the very foundation-stones of Anglo-Saxon history. It is a rare relic—such as no other branch of the Teutonic race can boast—of that period when the whole history and all the traditions and belief of the people to whom it belonged, were preserved in this epic form. We see no reason for doubting what has been assumed, from various circumstances connected with this poem, that it is of Anglian origin, and that it existed among the Angles before they left their earlier home in the North of Europe to colonize so large a portion of Britain. The extensive class of literature to which it belonged was preserved entirely by memory by a class whose profession it was to know and recite it. This profession appears to have existed in full force till the close of the Saxon period, and was even encouraged by the Saxon population for some time after the Norman Conquest; but as it died away, the mass of this grand traditional literature was lost. Some portions of it, however, were, either through the curiosity of individuals, or by their zeal for their country's antiquities, committed to writing; but even in this more permanent form, neglect soon led to its destruction, and this poem of "Beowulf" is the only one which has escaped (mutilated as it unfortunately is) in anything like a complete form. Small fragments of others, among which the more remarkable are the "Gleeman's Tale" and the "Fight at Finnesburg" given in Mr. Thorpe's edition, have also been preserved. The question whether the personages introduced into these epics be in the main historic or mythic, is one which has been warmly debated. Mr. Thorpe leans to the side of those who assert their pure historic character.

Mr. Thorpe has evidently edited the text of "Beowulf" with great care, and, we think, it has benefited, especially in the parts where the original manuscript is damaged, by his collation. He is a more cautious editor and translator than Mr. Kemble;—yet, on the whole, we prefer the translation of the latter, because it is more elegant and readable, and in some instances, we think it gives the sense better, if not the literal representation of the words. Mr. Thorpe's translation, in consequence of being rendered word for word, is often disagreeable, and is sometimes scarcely intelligible. The two scholars belong, moreover, to different schools, for there is division even in Anglo-Saxon philology. Rask, who first brought the Anglo-Saxon language under philological principles, treated it as having a close affinity with the Scandinavian dialects. Grimm, with large and just views of the European family of languages, claimed for the Anglo-Saxon its right place among the Germanic or Teutonic division. Mr. Kemble adopted, to their full extent, the views of Grimm; while Mr. Thorpe, who first appeared before the public as an Anglo-Saxon scholar in his translation of Rask's

"Grammar," has all the predilection of the Northern scholars for the Scandinavian literature, and he evidently looks more to the North than to the South.

It is perhaps this predilection, joined with a recent fashion of exaggerating the influence of the Danish invasion in England, which has led Mr. Thorpe to propose a new theory relating to the literary history of the poem of "Beowulf." It is his opinion, that "it is not an original production of the Anglo-Saxon muse; but a metrical paraphrase of a heroic Saga composed in the south-west of Sweden, in the old common language of the North, and probably brought to this country during the sway of the Danish dynasty. It is in this light only that I can view a work evincing a knowledge of Northern localities and persons hardly to be acquired by a native of England in those days of ignorance with regard to remote foreign parts. And what interest could an Anglo-Saxon feel in the valorous feats of his deadly foes the Northmen? In the encounter of a Sweo-Gothic hero with a monster in Denmark? or with a fire-drake in his own country? The answer, I think, is obvious—none whatever." These difficulties appear to us by no means so formidable as to Mr. Thorpe, nor, indeed, so great as many which must present themselves if we adopt his hypothesis: and we think that they are mostly met by the previous editors and writers on the subject in England and Germany. The knowledge now possessed of the literature of the Anglo-Saxons, and of its history and character, seems to us to be in perfect accordance with the form in which we find the poem of "Beowulf" after it had passed through the several centuries subsequent to the period at which it must have been brought over with the Angle race, and the modifications which it must have sustained.

COAL MINING ON THE OHIO.

THE first thing to be done after opening a coal bank—here, where I am working, up the Ohio river—is to fix an inclined plane from the river to the mouth of the pit. This is made of wood, and somewhat resembles the planes in use at the ballast dépôts on the Tyne, minus the engine. If it be intended to haul out the coal with mules, a wooden rail-road is laid from the top of the inclined plane, throughout the pit. If the diggers bring out their own coals, oak planks are laid for the wheels of the cart to run on. Screens are erected either at the top or bottom of the hill. The capital required for commencing a colliery (or coal bank) here, is trifling compared with what is requisite in England—in fact it would, in England, hardly give a supper to the sinkers.

The usual way of beginning to work the coal is, to drive one or two entries, or headways, through the substance of the hill, or as far into it as may be thought necessary. Rooms, or bords, are then turned away on each side of the entry. Each digger has a room eight yards wide, parted by walls, two yards thick, from the rooms adjoining. Each room is "driven" from fifty to a hundred yards.

Means for promoting ventilation are never thought of, as the vein is considered to be quite free from inflammable gases. Few faults or interruptions occur in our mines; the only ones that I have seen are clay veins. They vary from six inches to three feet in thickness; generally lie in a perpendicular position, and seldom alter the course of the vein of coal. The coal itself is of first-rate quality for household and steam purposes. The price paid for digging here is a dollar and three-quarters per one hundred bushels of separated coal; which is, I believe, the highest price paid anywhere. In some places the payment is as low as a dollar and a quarter.

The digger is expected to buy all his tools, and to keep them in repair. He must also sharpen them, the master providing means for doing so. He must set all his own posts, or props, and lay the road into his own room. He must find his own house; and, in most cases buy his own firecoal. Very often he must take part of his earnings in store-goods, sometimes greatly to his disadvantage. The balance due to him is generally paid when the running season closes, in summer and winter. At some banks, when a digger is about to leave, he has the right to sell his room. He must not calculate upon getting more than nine months' work in the year. Some of these things are not quite to the taste of men from Durham and Northumberland.

The coal banks are generally rented of the owner—half a cent per bushel being the usual payment here for the right of working. At some places the coal is leased, at others the rent is so much for each digger employed.

The produce of the mine is conveyed to distant markets in flat-bottomed boats, built expressly for the purpose; they are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in length, and about twenty feet in breadth, and are generally loaded five or six feet deep. Two of these are lashed together with strong ropes. At the outside of each are three oars, and each has a large steering oar at the stern. Sixteen hands are required besides the pilot and cook, to take a pair of boats to Cincinnati, or Louisville; and, if the freight be destined for St. Louis, or New Orleans, a still greater number of men is engaged. These hands are paid by the trip—sixteen dollars a-piece, perhaps, to Cincinnati; twenty to Louisville. The run from Pittsburg to Cincinnati usually occupies six or eight days. Coal boating forms a very lucrative business, although the undertaker (or boss) is liable to loss, on account of the number of sand-banks and snags on the river. Foggs, too, are very common at night. It sometimes happens that the snag pierces the bottom of the boat, and, in that case, its own weight breaks it up in a few minutes, and down go three or four hundred dollars' worth of fittings. A plurality of means for obtaining a livelihood is the great thing in this country, and for any such necessity we, North-of-England men, seem to be little qualified. Some persons here are seldom without work. In the summer they will be farming, in the fall coal-digging, in the winter lumbering, or

coal-boating, or they go down to the Lower Countries. It is a common thing for men from these parts to go down to St. Louis, or thereabouts, and get three or four months' work in the winter, and although St. Louis is fourteen or fifteen hundred miles off, a journey of that distance counts almost for nothing.—*Household Words.*

A Collection of Documents on Spitzbergen and Greenland: comprising a translation from F. Marten's Voyage to Spitzbergen; a translation from Isaac De la Peyrier's "Histoire du Groenland," and "God's Power and Providence in the Preservation of Eight Men in Greenland Nine Months and Twelve Days." Edited by Adam White, Esq., of the British Museum.

Old books of travel, whose popular attraction does not tempt a publisher to reprint them, though well worthy of circulation by a society, may possess an interest of three kinds. They may exhibit strange and stirring adventures, borne with a brave simplicity and expressed in a style quaint but strong, and markedly exhibiting the characteristics of their age; and such was Hawkins's Voyage, the first volume published by the Hakluyt Society. They may throw a valuable light upon the manners and history of our own or foreign countries: as will doubtless be the case in the forthcoming "Collection of Embassies to Russia in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I," to be shortly published by the same Society. Through a special subject, a limited field of observation and adventure, or a natural want of comprehensiveness in the author, they may only possess a limited and special interest, curious to those who study the subject as a pursuit, but not of much attraction to others: the "Collection of Documents on Spitzbergen and Greenland" in the volume before us belongs to the last class.

The accounts are three in number. The first contains a narrative of Marten's Voyage to Spitzbergen in 1671; less remarkable for the voyage itself than for the author's observations on the country, climate, productions, ice, sea, etc., which, though unscientific—they could not then be otherwise—are very accurate and sensible; to these the editor, Mr. White, has added a variety of information from later voyagers. The "Histoire du Groenland" is a compilation; a class of composition to which the Hakluyt Society is rather partial, though we think original works should as a rule be the choice of a society. The last document is a narrative of the wintering of eight seamen who were unfortunately left upon the coast of Greenland in 1690-'31. It is an interesting narrative of danger braved and hardship borne in a plain old English spirit. In a popular point of view, it is the most attractive of the three reprints. The original tract is very scarce; the text has been reprinted in Churchill, and we think in less established collections, at least in part. The volume is well edited, and illustrated by fac-simile maps.—*Spectator.*